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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1925 — NUMBER 46

Hasty Pudding

NOVELISTS have an unfair advantage and use it to the limit. In their books they make the human types with which we people the world outside our own narrow experience, and these types they cut and fit to match their prejudices. Successful financiers, as the novelists see them, are usually ruthless, lawyers (in their temperamental eyes) are unscrupulous unless they happen to be trusted family friends who foil the enemy, scientists are always cold (perhaps "Arrowsmith's" greatest distinction is the novelist's discovery of human scientists), and critics, without exception, are ignorant, venomous, stupid, and blind. Indeed a composite figure of the reviewer drawn from standard novels and the biographies of poets would be like one of the fabled animals in Mr. Firestone's "Coasts of Illusion," all tail, sting, and stench.

Nevertheless, the novelist who has spent six months or a year on his novel, or the still more laborious biographer who has given two years or or more to the compilation of his history, expects the critic to gulp down his words, digest his ideas instantaneously, and be ready with a discriminating review while the pages are still damp from the press. The practice of arranging, with the author's connivance, for reviews of important books to appear at the moment of publication, has grown to a dangerous extent, and at least one publisher has said that he does not care what the reviewers say, if they say it quickly.

He is wise in the serpent wisdom of his generation. A "blurb" can be written after a quick skimming of galley proofs. But to criticize means to value and to discriminate, and this in turn implies a weighing of merit which is quite sure to result in some detraction as well as honest praise. That the praise this time will not be idle, but based upon the true achievement of the writer, means little to a publicity agent looking only for telling phrases—"Exciting as an automobile race"—"A novel pulsating with passion"—"Undoubtedly one of the great stories of the year." But it means much to the intelligent reader who is not pleased with hasty pudding when he asked for criticism. The wisdom of the serpent is more crafty, after all, than wise.

An experienced reviewer can read with great rapidity, and read well. But with every faculty at top stretch it is still not possible to absorb a two-volume biography or a highly charged novel or a critique of philosophy in the mere time it takes to read it through. They must be digested like meat and other strong victuals, not passed into the system like milk and water. And what is even more important, the mind of a critic must live for a while with the memory of a book; it must make its own contacts, its own reservations and comparisons, before criticism which is more than analysis, more than enthusiasm, more than smart railing is ripe for composing. What the reviewer really thinks may be deep in his sub-consciousness and must come to the surface. First impressions—especially of a work of the creative imagination—are often best, but until they are thought out lack clarity or reason. They are just impressions and if expanded instanter with a journalist's rhetoric mean no more than "I don't like" or "I like."

It is for readers and authors to decide whether they will have hasty news or well digested criticism. If, as some publishers seem to believe, no one will buy a book two months old, the case is nearly hopeless, for even hasty reviews are likely to be delayed in publication. But buying of a good book often begins after two months, and when a worthy volume dies within that period it is very probably because the rush to get publicity for new books while they are still dew-spangled crowds out notice and memory of everything else. Feverish publicity and hasty reviewing make nervous and impatient reading.

The Day Will Come

By MARION STROBEL

I LAUGH with you because I dare not cry,
And all my words are fluttering and aloof—
Soldiers who know too well that they must die
Will laugh and say that they are bullet-proof.
Will laugh as they go marching forth, knowing
Too well the day will come when no device
Of blowing banners or of bugles blowing
Will obviate their final sacrifice.
The day will come! . . . O dearest, let us climb
The circling stairs up to our little room,
And lay a banquet for the Ogre Time,
And light tall candles for the coming gloom,
And close the windows lest along the street
Familar steps should sound like marching feet.

This Week

"Cruel Fellowship." Reviewed by *George D. Meadows.*

"That Nice Young Couple." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

"The Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson." Reviewed by *Lawrence Henry Gipson.*

"The New Barbarians." Reviewed by *Maurice Sherman.*

"Ben Kendim." Reviewed by *Rose Wilder Lane.*

"The Theosophical Movement." Reviewed by *Woodbridge Riley.*

"The Story of Irving Berlin." Reviewed by *Douglas Moore.*

"Jacques Rivière." By *René Galland.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Guermantes Way." By Marcel Proust. Reviewed by *Olivia Howard Dunbar.*

Books for the Journey. By *Aldous Huxley.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Timesquarese

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

IN these topsy-turvy days when the white collar is fast becoming a badge of economic inferiority, I sometimes wonder how a cultured newsboy would make out in Times Square. I mean a young Harvard graduate with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a carefully thought out theory that there must be some natural affinity between filthy hands and filthy lucre. Adapting his literary English to the informal style of his profession, he would announce in well modulated accents: *"Here you are, paper! World, Journal, Herald, American!"*

The graduate would not prosper, for nobody would hear a word he said. The riot of traffic and traffic cops would drown him completely. And his roughneck competitors would run him out of business with their shatteringly effective cries of: *"Yah—by—bee! Woil, Joinl, Hairl, Mairkin!"*

When it comes to the spoken word, the experienced newsboy is a pragmatist. Instinctively he knows that the only good selling talk in Times Square is the kind that will carry to the public, although the combined full organs of Broadway and Seventh Avenue are blaring with every stop out, and with assistant organists jazzing on the pedals. He lends ear to the inspired whisperings of necessity. In defiance of lexicographers, he formulates his own language along the lines of the largest efficiency and the least resistance.

In order to create an effective selling slogan like "yah—by—bee!" out of such a worthless, white-collar formula as "Here you are, paper!" the real newsboy sheds most of his consonants, like the effete luxuries shed by an army in the field. He shatters the vowels to bits and remoulds them nearer to the trade's desire. The weak, flat ones emerge from his language-mill, strong, piercing, sonorous. The unfit are ruthlessly scrapped. Compression, punch, driving power, convenience and ease of machine-gun repetition are the inexorable laws of this new language, as they are of the 42nd and Broadway region itself. Timesquarese bears somewhat the same relation to literary English that early French bore to the Latin out of which it evolved under the pressure of the then modern conditions.

On the purely materialistic plane this new pragmatic language is a triumphant success. A long course of trial and error has brought it up to the highest possible efficiency for meeting actual competitive conditions. Under the relaxed stress of slightly more bucolic surroundings than Times Square,—say at Broadway and 28th Street, the first part of the newsboy's invitation flowers into something more elaborate and elegant than 42nd Street's brutal *"Yah!"* "Here you are, paper!" becomes *"Heiah pypurée!"* Please note that the newsboy, in his quest for easy, sonorous effectiveness, has reinvented a part of that stirring call, "Heia-ha," which Wagner, on the identical quest, put into the mouths of those enterprising maidens, the Valkyries.

And even *"pypurée!"* the second half of the 28th Street call, has its own shred of highbrow aura as well. "Pypurée" takes one back to the classical name for the graceful ancestors of paper, the papyri. The poet who invented this full-throated word must have been a clairvoyant. Down in the reeds by the river he fell into a prophetic trance wherein he foresaw, beyond the clanging aisles of the Christian era, Broadway with its ten-ear-power tumult; and realized why his plant must bear a sonorous name.

This is not an isolated instance. Common life

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has a way of beating out on its vulgar anvil, expressions that seem as high-brow as *"Heiah pypurée!"* There is a lake in the back woods of Maine, called Telos. It sounds like the Greek word for "the limit," though in reality it is a contraction of the Indian name "Telosemis." But the old woodsmen did not know that, and thought of it as "Tea-loss," a record doubtless of some ancient accident to a supply canoe. So, to balance things, they named the neighboring lake, "Coffee-Loss." And this has now turned into the Greek-looking "Cophelos."

* * *

But to return from New England to New York. The pragmatism of effective ease is not confined to the newsboys. It is paramount wherever vocal cords compete with clamor or space. The street car conductor demands, not "fares please!" but "face *bliss!*"—for all the world as though he were dispensing a line of cold cream, shaving soap or toilet powder. The subway guard bellows *"lathumow!"* and *watcherstap!"* and *"movopnsanrcah!"*

The train boy, staggering between the seats under the products of Curtis and Hearst, announces: *"Olle laytess ju sout: Laydee Sew Joinl an de Worst Magazines!"*

In his brilliant work on "The American Language," Mr. Mencken contends that this characteristic New York change of the *ur* to the *oi* sounds, as in the newsboy's pronounciation of "Journal," is a Yiddish contribution. But even if so, considerations of ease and commercial sonority must have come in as factors.

That tendency toward open vowels which adds the *ee* to "pypurée" at 28th Street, is responsible for the English trainboy's translation of "lunch-baskets!" into the Italian-sounding "unchi-bahki!" This mutation is reminiscent of the fruit peddler who turns "Nice apples!" into *"Nyzee appoh!"*, and somewhat of the "Buy clothes for cash!" man with his offer to *"Buy geahsh glow!"*, which, on occasion contracts into something very like an expletive, in *"Buy gosh!"*

Noise conditions in the playground may account for such finely carrying names as "Skinnay!", and for ma's summoning shriek of "Sam—mée!" with its characteristic rise of a major sixth.

Military commands show the same trend to sonority. "Shoulder arms!" is revamped into "Shouldah, harm!" In "Forward march!" the final consonant of the first word disappears as useless, and only two letters of the second are worth keeping. So that the command becomes "Forwahr, hart!"

Choral song, too, often distorts language, especially when everyone is trying to drown his neighbor out. When a raw recruit of my acquaintance first heard:

It's a long wy to Teeperairee,
To the Swedish girl I know

he was puzzled as to why the Swedish girl, herself presumably a servant, should have gone to Ireland, the land of good servants. It was a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, or Fords to Detroit, or noise to Times Square.

Because our land is richer than all others in noise, the latter has had an unusual influence on the formation of the American vulgate. In Times Square a single negative might be drowned. But a form of words like "I don't want none o' yer lip" has an ampler chance to convey a feeling of true unfriendliness under conditions of low audibility. And one reason why the double comparative shares the popularity of the twin negative is that it has "a more sweller show to be hoid."

* * *

Do not the intuitive ease, convenience, compactness, vividness, simplicity and effectiveness of our American vulgate, argue a fatally inert lack of adaptability in literary English, like that which brough about the overthrow of the ancient dinosaur? Is the lingo of the people destined to overwhelm the language of culture, and survive as the fittest? And, while the noises of earth intensify their present pitiless crescendo, will not this common speech grow commoner and commoner, until at last it reaches the Dead Sea level of Timesquarese?

One fears that language has begun a race with noise comparable to that now going on between projectiles and armor. What will happen, in the course of this race, to the beloved tongue of Shakespeare and Milton? Ever since writing was invented, the human eye has been the chief conservative force in language and literature. It is much more of a formalist than the ear, resents innovation more impatiently, and clings with fonder devotion to the fruits of culture. But what if the eye's hour has struck? What if it is about to behold the handwriting (in Timesquarese) on the literary wall?

M. Émile Pathé is the leading European authority on the phonograph. He solemnly assures me that an invention is soon to be put on the market which is going to work profound changes in many of the customs of mankind, including language and literature, and even in the human body itself.

This revolutionary invention is a very cheap and foolproof kind of phonograph recording apparatus. It will replace the typewriter, the stenographer and the present form of dictograph, just as these once replaced the pen, and as the pen replaced the stylus. No longer will the haughty young Loreleis of shorthand, with pencils in their gleaming hair, distract the tired business man from his exhaustion.

He will talk his letter not to Lorelei, but to a specially prepared disc of paper, four or five inches across, and no thicker than ordinary notepaper. It will be spun by electricity on the desk under his nose.

His ordinary speaking voice will emboss the message on this disc of paper. He will mail it in an ordinary envelope. His correspondent will place the disc on his phonograph, and hear a life-sized voice repeat a life-sized message. He will answer back and file the disc for reference.

This invention will throw large numbers of girls out of employment, profoundly affect the typewriter industry, and mean to business and the professions enormous savings in overhead, time, distraction, inaccuracy and temper.

Circular literature will become a serious menace to the printing press. Round books and magazines for the ear will burst upon an astounded world. They will consist of packs of paper discs, bound together so loosely that each in turn may take its place in the phonograph without being detached. You may lie back with closed eyes while your favorite author reads you his latest book, or Hackett reads Macbeth. This is not practicable today on account of the expense and bulk of the heavy composition records. But tomorrow,—thanks to the admirable compactness of the paper disc, five times as many books may be crowded into a five-foot rack of literature by the Dr. Eliots of the future. The complete works of Plato and O. Henry will go into a small soup tureen. . . .

* * *

In time, says M. Pathé, nothing which is now done by the printing press—except posters—will be foreign to the nature of the phonograph. Even our so-called "circulars" may eventually justify their name by losing their corners and becoming round.

The eyes of modern man have been badly overstrained by looking at small black marks on pieces of white paper,—an artificial activity which has been going on for only a minute fraction of humanity's life on earth. That the eye was not built to stand up under such a strain, is shown by the plague of spectacles. It was intended, instead, to search the primeval distance for game and enemies. But we listened to the minutiae of speech many millenniums before writing was dreamed of. Our ears are fitted by evolution to stand almost any test. Their larger use will give the tired eyes a much needed vacation. And, in a generation or two, if M. Pathé is right, the world will be almost as unspectacled a place as a Parisian woman's club.

Of course, the paper disc will not do entirely away with the printed book. But the round form of literature will make even swifter gains over the rectangular than Timesquarese is making over the language of culture. It will be so much easier for a writer to talk his book onto a piece of paper than to scratch it there with a pencil or bang it there with a typewriter, that the dictation of would-be literature will be fatally encouraged. I say "fatally," because dictation is seldom more than improvisation. And art is almost never improvised.

By attacking and suppressing the written word (the thing which has done most to conserve the quality of language), the new invention will work hand in glove with Timesquarese. When the literary eye at last abandons the struggle, and Timesquarese decides to take up Shakespeare, what may we expect? What, for instance, will it make of that passage in King Richard III, about "grim-visaged war" who has "smoothed his wrinkled front"?

And now—instead of mounting barbéd steeds . . .
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.

When, in the war with noise, most of the foregoing consonants have been eliminated as conscientious objectors, and the more delicate-minded slacker vowels have been roughly used and imbued with the fighting spirit, and the whole organization salted with hard-boiled veteran vowels to bring up the morale, these lines will perhaps emerge somewhat as follows:

Anow astada mounta barba stee,
He ky-purrees a loidy's chymberee.

Then, take the iridescent passage in Milton that comes after "Haste thee, nymph!"—about

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles.

In obedience to the grim law of Timesquarese, this couplet will reduce to something like:

Quypa cracka wanta wy
Nodda backa reeda smy.

There is one thing to be said for the new version, however. Its Italianate sound is more in harmony than Milton's own lines are, with the nationality of the poem's title, "L'Allegro."

When, on the other hand, the opening of Gray's Elegy is translated into the modern lingo of this our Melting Pot, its national flavor is quite different:

De coifew toe de nail oh party dye.

This recalls the negro bootblack as distinctly as the Miltonic example evokes the Neapolitan banana peddler.

Perhaps it is only my fancy, but the refrain of Kipling's "Recessional" in Timesquarese seems more the utterance of the Irish conductor of a Broadway surface car, who is dimly troubled about the future of his newly adopted American language:

Lorgorra Ho, be wya yat,
Lasswee forgat, lasswe forgat!

What Is Matter?

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF THINGS. By Sir William Bragg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Leigh Page
Yale University

THIS fascinating account of the properties of matter grew out of the course of Juvenile Lectures delivered by the author at the Royal Institution during the Christmas season of 1923. These lectures, designed for a juvenile audience, were inaugurated by J. Wallis in 1826 and have been undertaken in succeeding years by such eminent scientists as Faraday, Tyndall, Dewar and Boys. To them Professor Bragg has proved himself to be a worthy successor. The lectures themselves were accompanied by numerous experimental demonstrations which are illustrated in the book by plates showing the apparatus employed and the phenomena displayed. The text reads as easily as a novel, and will stimulate as well as charm anyone who is interested in the physical processes of nature, no matter how little or how great may be his antecedent familiarity with the subject matter.

The author starts with a consideration of the "atoms of which things are made" and is especially successful in conveying to his reader a comprehension of the extreme minuteness of these elementary particles and of the openness of their structure. The remainder of the book is devoted to the three great divisions of matter—gases, liquids, and solids. In the present state of our knowledge a description of the characteristics of solids resolves itself pretty largely into a discussion of the nature of crystals. In this field the author is particularly fitted to write on account of the pioneer investigations which he has carried out by means of X-ray analysis—investigations which led to the award to him of the Nobel Prize in 1915. Of especial interest is his account of the methods of studying the structure of organic hydrocarbons by the use of X-rays.

The book is well printed and, with one rather unfortunate exception, the reader is not annoyed by typographical errors. This exception occurs at the end of page 82 where a portion of the periodic table is reproduced. Circumscribed by the limited width of the page, the printer has failed to put elements of the same group in the same vertical column, and thereby destroyed much of the meaning of the succeeding paragraph in the text.

The first list of a new publishing firm will be issued in the Fall. This is *Adelphi Publishers* of New York City. They will engage in general publishing at 10 East 43d street, and announce a new work by Alexandre Kuprin and a Remy de Gourmont novel translated by Aldous Huxley.

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Irregular Quadrangle

UNVEILED. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES VALE

THIS is Mrs. Seymour's fourth novel, and it has already been very successful in England. It is an interesting study of temperaments and viewpoints, modern and otherwise, pre-War and post-War, and it is amply sexed. The eternal triangle is replaced by an irregular quadrangle—indeed, at one time a pentagon seems probable, when the youthful Clarice adds her adoration to the mess. But she is too late to be taken seriously: the denouement is imminent.

The story is told in the first person by Adela Stokes, novelist,—and one of the angles, though almost self-effaced, of the quadrangle. "It began with that evening in February, nineteen hundred and one, when Enid Carr and Kennedy Armfield met for the first time in my flat in Bloomsbury—the first real flat that I'd ever had; that I owed, as I owed most things, to *Chaff*, the first of my books to achieve anything approaching popularity . . ." The people who drop in at Adela's flat are not obsessed by the conventional. They have ideas and ideals of their own, and sometimes an ultra-modern way of expressing them. And they all have a convenient habit of confiding in Adela, so that she is able to view the problem from each angle of the quadrangle, including her own.

Enid Carr and Kennedy Armfield marry in due course and live happily together; but Enid's temperament, assisted by events, introduces complications. She loves Kennedy, yet begins to wonder whether their mating has been of the flesh only, and not of the spirit also. After the arrival of normal twins—delightfully sketched—there is a defective child, and Enid imagines that the question of vicious heredity is involved . . . Perhaps she and Kennedy ought not to live together in the customary way . . . And so the mess begins. It is not necessary to indicate too clearly the developments and conclusion, with the closer acquaintance of Enid's surprising mother, Margaret Brandt, and Armfield's temporary mistress, Sophie Birch, who is saturated with the romantic tradition and loves to be loved (and dressed) extravagantly.

The story is a little artificial: it creaks occasionally. The developments seem too rigidly predetermined, the characters run too true to type, without life's curious and consoling deviations. Yet it holds attention throughout. Mrs. Seymour has insight and comprehension, especially when her own sex is concerned: then, indeed, she is often very illuminative. Her treatment of marital and domestic episodes is refreshing. She is wise in her generation and can produce a family simply and naturally, without any of the prodigious strainings for birth-chamber effects under which some male authors have labored so painfully. Yet she has no pruderies: she accepts nature, and her frankness is unrestricted and pungent. Her women (with the exception, perhaps, of Margaret Brandt) are real women, in their function, moods, needs, narrowness and largeness. But all her portraits are skilfully done: her men are as vital, though not quite so intimately analyzed, as her women and children. Her dialogue is carefully adjusted. She can use cleverness and causticity when they are characteristic, but she does not splash her pages with excessive brilliance in the Michael Arlen fashion, or plunge recklessly into melodrama. She has restraint, and a sufficiently wide range; and she is always pleasantly rational.

She continues her habit of punctuating her stories with dates: external happenings, briefly alluded to but not intruded, tend to give historical perspective to the background. This device is noticeable in her previous novel, "The Hopeful Journey," and other similarities are found in the two books. Enid Armfield of "Unveiled" may be compared with Eve Norman (née Bentley) of "The Hopeful Journey." Both are self-centered, undemonstrative, competent (Eve is painfully competent); both are earnestly interested in the progressive movements of the day; and both view somewhat icily the apparent failure of their husbands to be sufficiently spiritual as well as physical in sexual relations. But Eve makes morality a superstition, while Enid doesn't. Yet Eve is the more complete convincing creation, and "The Hopeful Journey" is the finer though the earlier novel. It takes in a full cycle of life, covering several generations, and has variety, substance, dramatic values, and a continuity linking the early Victorians with the latest Georgians. It is one of the most promising novels that I have neglected for some time. Still, many readers may prefer "Unveiled," though in spite of its cleverness and able craftsmanship it will never rest securely in one of the niches of the immortals. It will serve excellently, however, to introduce Mrs. Seymour to those who have not yet made her acquaintance, but will be glad to repair the omission. A few quotations, if there were space, would make this obvious. There are numerous printer's errors, by the way, in both books: is proof-reading a lost art?

An Emotional Odyssey

CRUEL FELLOWSHIP. By CYRIL HUME. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE D. MEADOWS

THE delivery to the reading—and reviewing—world of a second novel must be a trying moment in a writer's career. When one takes up "Cruel Fellowship" it is necessary to arm the imagination against the strident iteration by the publishers' "blurb" of the fact that the "Wife of the Centaur" achieved a $25,000 movie success. A best-seller must expect to be received with prejudice by the sophisticates nowadays. "Wife of the Centaur" revealed powers both of vision and description, leading many a jaded reviewer to feel that a new planet had swum into his ken.

Those of us whose literary categories and prejudices were moulded in the era that ended on the 4th of August, 1914, will find it hard to appraise Mr. Hume's novel impersonally. Our apprenticeship to Meredith and James, and even our acceptance of Hardy and Gissing, was no preparation for our service of those who now write "merciless portraits of human souls." Is there a subtle touch of irony in the author's selection of Tennyson to provide a title and a rubric for his book?

GEORGE MOORE and SIR WILLIAM ORPEN
From Orpen's "Stories of Old Ireland and Myself" (Holt)

The subject-matter of "Cruel Fellowship" will repel many whom Mr. Hume might otherwise lead captive, for unfortunately he seems to have joined the high school Freudians and the other young people who, as Mr. H. L. Mencken sardonically observes, claim liberty to touch on all subjects in their conversation, when they wish to limit it strictly to one topic. The novel reeks of sex. It is the emotional Odyssey of a mediocre and unattractive character, written with so much attention to one aspect of his life that, duly condensed, it might serve as a *histoire sexuelle* for the appendix to Havelock Ellis or Kraft-Ebbing. The central figure of the book (one does not affront a contemporary realist with references to a hero) is a singularly unpleasant creature, from the precocious nastiness of certain scenes in his boyhood to the climax of overprolonged adolescence in an attack of passion compounded of romantic love and rampant sexuality for a money-grabbing little prostitute. Could Mr. Hume have so far bent the knee to idealism as to let his Claude Fisher pull himself out of this mess, as even more hopeless people than he have done both in life and in fiction, the story would leave a less unpleasant taste in one's mouth. When Fisher settles down with maudlin gratitude as a salesman of erotic literature for a Jewish bookseller we resent the fact that even tragedy is denied us. Mr. Compton Mackenzie set the fashion for these studies of young men's development and he suffers from few inhibitions in the matter of realism, but at least he left his Michael Fane gazing at the stars even though he had sought their reflection in the gutter beforehand.

That the handling of such material should react on the author's manner was to be expected. Perhaps this was not inevitable—Joyce and D. H. Lawrence have also angled in these turbid waters with quite literary results—but it seems to have led to a certain feverishness. It is seen in what may be called the dot and dash method. Colorful phrases followed by three dots, sentences that stop without ending, the direct transference to paper of the jumbled contents of a morbid piece of consciousness are very effective in moderate doses, but they may become too much of an excitant, or even an irritant, in larger quantities. The reader will wish at times that the author would give us more of another kind of writing which he can do so successfully.

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Mr. Hume has a sensitiveness for the moods of nature that is almost uncanny in its delicate fidelity, and of his ability at description in which beauty becomes almost poignant in its vividness there can be no two opinions. The word picture of the Italian villa and its surroundings with which a young artist seduces the imagination of Fisher's Aunt Margaret might have disturbed a more stable heart that that of Uncle Theodore's romance-hungry little wife.

A yet surer and more powerful touch is displayed when the writer is reproducing the grip of a real and true emotion even on such a diseased personality as Claude Fisher. The dog Roger, which, more happy than his master, soon outgrew his rather despicable puppyhood, and the appalling tragedy of his death, have something of the sublimity of Greek drama. There is no mawkish sentimentality in the depicting of the dog's growing affection and understanding, no false attribution of human qualities, and the whole passage bears comparison with any of the accepted masterpieces of animal writing.

The Note of Irony

THAT NICE YOUNG COUPLE. By FRANCIS HACKETT. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

NOVELS by critics are apt to resemble widowers' houses in that the sacred flame is commonly domiciled elsewhere. Mr. Hackett's first novel has been awaited with some curiosity by an audience that, fully appreciative of the many excellencies of his criticism, has speculated upon the calibre of his talent for fiction. "That Nice Young Couple" is perhaps more significant in its promise than in its actual performance. It is something more than a social document, something less than a completely satisfying artistic achievement. But it establishes very definitely the possession of a considerable talent, and it justifies the expectation of a valuable and distinctive addition to the somewhat narrow gamut exploited by our current realistic fiction.

Mr. Hackett's novel suggests, but does not thoroughly realize, the specific contribution which it lies within his capacities to make to our fiction. Most of our contemporary realists are engaged in formulating a tentative appraisal, a tentative synthesis, of the more immediate aspects of our contemporary national life. Much of their work, therefore, is satirical in attitude and moralistic in effect, for their observation appears to have been directed rather to that which arouses their hostility than to that which enlists their loyalty and approval. But, since they are themselves products of the civilization and culture which they are seeking to record, there is usually to be noted in their work the absence of any positive scale of values other than that characteristically exhibited by the life and environment which provide their subject matter. Our current realistic fiction offers a picture of contemporary America achieved from within, and judged almost exclusively by its own current standards of value. A recognition of the possible existence of other standards, equally applicable and intellectually more fruitful, is extremely remote from the bulk of our recent

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fiction. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that, although our recent fiction is rich in satire, it is also totally deficient in irony. For the essence of irony lies in a disproportion between the quality of an experience and the quality of the standards in terms of which it is appraised. To add the note of irony to that portion of our fiction which deals with the contemporary American scene seems, upon the evidence of his first novel, to lie well within Mr. Hackett's capacities. He brings to the contemplation of American life a mood of emotional detachment and intellectual scepticism. He cherishes no romantic illusions and few purely sentimental convictions. He interprets what he observes in terms of values superior in discrimination to those implied by his material. His wit is incisive, often disquieting to traditional pieties, always coldly rational. His work is as unlikely to comfort the complacent as it is to shock the socially sophisticated.

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"That Nice Young Couple" is a study of pre-war America. The central characters belong to the generation which achieved its majority early in the present century. A generation, as Mr. Hackett portrays it, which believed in the political genius and personal sanctity of McKinley, the esthetic eminence of Dana Gibson, the cult of a decorous personal respectability; which accepted as an inevitable social obligation the maintenance of a refined gentility; which confused morals with ethics to their mutual detriment; which regarded convention as possessing a permanent and absolute validity. It conceived love to be neither a physiological necessity nor a biological process, but an indispensable preliminary to a responsible social status. Here lies the germ of Mr. Hackett's novel, which studies the private lives of a young married pair in the New York of an age, if not precisely of innocence, perhaps of adolescence. Eleanor Byrd, monied and from the Middle West, and Edward Beale, impecunious, virginal, and a Brooklynite, meet on the westbound passage of a European liner, conduct their courtship upon the plane of approved sentimental idealism, marry, and settle down to permanent conjugation on West End Avenue. They are essentially "nice" people, which means that they bring to experience a common fund of agreeable preconceptions, a minimum of intelligence, a profound adherence to the decorum of their environment and a determination to succeed according to its standards. And succeed they do, with an hypocrisy of which they are totally unconscious, until circumstance, in the person of a handsome young Southern *dilettante*, assails the foundations of their union. As products of the tradition of gentility, Edward and his wife are incapable of the technique of candor and oblivious to the possibility that the problems of life are soluble upon any terms other than the sentimental abstractions which constitute their official ideals. Behind the screen of her indisputable position of marital respectability, Eleanor experiments with the delights of forbidden but desirable passion. Ultimately, however, gentility triumphs. Eleanor returns to the chaste affections of her husband, sublimely unconscious that she has been disloyal to two men.

* * *

Mr. Hackett writes cynically and shrewdly of the civilization and culture of which his "nice" young people are the fragile blossom. A civilization, as he sees it, threatened today by a barbarian indiscrimination of taste, manners, and morals; but surviving in spite of its excessively anaemic constitution. He writes of it with a caustic, tonic wit which makes his novel a sheer intellectual delight. It has sparkle, brilliance, pungency. But it suffers from the defect of its quality; it lacks emotional conviction. The fortunes of Edward, Eleanor, and her lover Stephen Tannay arouse no emotional enthusiasm in the reader; when Mr. Hackett comes to the love scenes between Eleanor and her lover he introduces a note of lyric beauty which the characters, as he has portrayed them, are incapable of supporting. His difficulty is obvious. He has chosen deliberately to portray negligible people, and the reader's relation to them is one of strict detachment. His irony wins the suffrage of our rationality, but our feelings are afforded no opportunities for implication. Yet the tone and mood of his irony are to be welcomed as a vital contribution to our fiction.

Wilson's Utterances

THE MESSAGES AND PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON. With an introduction and editorial notes by ALBERT SHAW. Two Volumes. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE HENRY GIPSON
Lehigh University

IT is to be doubted if any man during the past century has left behind him a body of papers of a public nature that possess a larger historic significance than Woodrow Wilson, two volumes of whose writings, covering the period from 1913 to 1923, are now available in the "Messages and Papers of Woodrow Wilson," prepared by Albert Shaw, the veteran editor of the *Review of Reviews*. While no one of Wilson's utterances reaches the heights of eloquence and literary perfection of Lincoln's Gettysburg address—and certainly not the Gettysburg address delivered by the former, July 4, 1913, in spite of its dignity and its appealing sentiments—nevertheless, the writer of this review after turning from a reading of several of Lincoln's most masterful efforts, including the famous Cooper Institute address of February 27, 1860, and his first inaugural address of March 4, 1861, cannot escape the conclusion—however it may disturb the complacency of some readers—that a number of Wilson's addresses will not suffer in a comparison with these, not only in loftiness of purpose and clearness of vision but in logical precision of statement and felicity of expression generally. Among these outstanding papers it is difficult to select one that clearly surpasses the others, that represents the supreme effort, when a man peradventure outstrips himself. However, the address of January 22, 1917, delivered before the Senate on the essential terms of peace, the addres of April 2 of that year before both houses of Congress, advising them that Germany's course of action be declared war against the United States, and several of the addresses delivered on his western tour during the month of September, 1919, in behalf of the League of Nations, are undoubtedly among his best and are likely to be, among others, those that will be most thoughtfully studied by future generations throughout the civilized world. As to the thirty addresses delivered in the West, just referred to, it is of interest to observe that while they deal with the same great theme they are distinct contributions and all of decided merit. In fact, it may be fairly questioned if the achievement of the President during those three weeks in September, paradoxically ending in failure and physical collapse, can be duplicated in American history. Other Americans, notably in this generation Bryan and Roosevelt, during their campaigns delivered with telling effect many speeches, not infrequently greeting large crowds several times in a single day; but no one since the days of Lincoln had a theme that offered such tremendous challenge as had Wilson. The latter was engaged in a world battle to save the peace, a battle which he was convinced must be won for the sake of all mankind, a battle as he saw it against calculating partizanship, unenlightened opposition from within his own party, and all the dead weight of ignorance and prejudice, of national inertia and moral reaction that fell upon the nation as soon as the war was over. In other words, these western addresses are the outpourings of a crusader for a cause that had come to mean everything to him.

By bringing these Wilson papers together the task of studying the President's mental transitions is made much easier; which is well illustrated in connection with the preparedness issue. It is one of the ironies of history that he could have appeared before Congress hardly six months before the outbreak of hostilities, with the international caldron already simmering, and suddenly declared:

> The country, I am thankful to say, is at peace with all the world, and many happy manifestations multiply about us of a growing cordiality and sense of community of interest among the nations, foreshadowing an age of settled peace and good will. More and more readily each decade do the nations manifest their willingness to bind themselves by solemn treaty to the processes of peace, the processes of frankness and fair concession.

After the war had begun it was hard for him to accept the idea that the United States could be so irrational as to be drawn in so long as there was a fighting chance of guarding her peace. But his widely heralded address, so ridiculed and so grotesquely misinterpreted by hostile critics, delivered at the naturalization ceremonies in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915, in the presence of several thousands of foreign born men and women—just three days after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—in which he said,

> So a nation that is not constantly renewed out of new sources is apt to have the narrowness and prejudice of a family; whereas, America must have this consciousness, that on all sides it touches elbows and touches hearts with all the nations of mankind. The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world, and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

should be read in connection with the address delivered some three weeks earlier before the members of the Associated Press, in which he said, in referring to the United States,

> Don't you admire and don't you fear, if you have to contest with him, the self-mastered man who watches you with calm eye and comes in only when you have carried the thing so far that you must be disposed of? That is the man who, you know, has at bottom a much more fundamental and terrible courage than the irritable, fighting man. Now, I covet for America this splendid courage of reserve moral force, . . .

There is, of course, a certain inconsistency in these points of view. It must be remembered, however, that in addressing those foreign born Americans Wilson was stressing a point of view that he felt could not be too strongly emphasized in their presence—the peace mission rather than any possible war mission of the United States. Naturally enough, it was extremely difficult for newcomers not to think in terms of loyalty to some group beyond the boundaries of the United States rather than in terms of an undivided attachment to the nation of their adoption and to the ideal that was animating the President as its official spokesman.

* * *

One cannot but regret that the purposes that Mr. Shaw had in mind in the collection of these papers did not permit him to print in full all of the documents here presented, for it makes these volumes less serviceable than otherwise to serious students of the history of this period. Take, as an example, the letter of October 21, 1915, addressed to Ambassador Page to be presented to Sir Edward Grey, protesting the British North Sea blockade and other restrictions on trade. This note is one of the most important of President Wilson's pronouncements on the subject of the rights of neutrals but only portions of it are printed. The notes addressed to Great Britain, December 26, 1914, and March 2, 1915, are only referred to.

These substantial two volumes under review are in the nature of an expansion of the earlier "State Papers and Messages of Woodrow Wilson" the first edition of which appeared in September, 1917; a second edition following in February, 1918, and a third in September of the same year. At each reprinting the newer materials have been added. The selection was carried out with great discrimination. For the earlier period, before the presidency, the reader fortunately is able to rely upon the first two volumes of the authorized "Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson" which Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd have recently brought out. One happy feature of the Shaw collection is the introduction of brief notes which serve to tie together the various documents.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Henry R. Luce, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. 1 Number 46.
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Our National Heritage

THE NEW BARBARIANS. By WILLIAM C. ABBOTT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE SHERMAN

"IT is absurd to talk of revolution in a government which rests on the consent of the governed," says Professor Wilbur C. Abbott of Harvard University in "The New Barbarians," the first of a series of books on American nationalism by a number of carefully chosen authors. "All this wild talk about overthrowing the government by force is ridiculous," he says. "The danger we face is something quite different, the subversion of the government in accordance with ideas wholly antagonistic to the principles on which it was founded."

Professor Abbott in four words describes what the forefathers had in mind when they established this Republic. The "principle of coöperative individualism" is an apt and accurate statement of the conception that was in the minds of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, and their compatriots in the convention that framed our scheme of government. The proposal to translate this coöperative individualism into "bureaucratic socialism" is the peril that confronts Americans today.

* * *

Professor Abbott's book is a frank attempt to evaluate the various movements that consciously or unconsciously look to a change in our form of government. He says that "it does not profess to be exhaustive" and he hopes it will not be found "exhausting." He is somewhat too modest in his estimate of its scope, but the hope he expresses is not misplaced. He has crowded into 247 pages a most readable and comprehensive account of the aims, purposes, and aspirations of the American people in establishing a new and different kind of government, and no less comprehensive in his account of what is now going on to discredit what has been done to effect subversive changes.

To meet altering conditions Professor Abbott recognizes that some changes may be inevitable. He by no means approaches his subject with a mind closed to everything that is new. One looks in vain, however, for any evidence of belief on his part that the changes for which there has been the most persistent agitation are necessary, desirable, salutary, or practicable. He regards the social problem as one that does not lend itself to sudden or miraculous solution. He seems to accept the view that reform is a matter of slow and steady growth.

Those who favor destructive methods are dealt with by him in vigorous and wholesome fashion. He analyzes their motives as fearlessly and frankly as they have discussed and criticized our institutions and our plan of government. If he has no measure of toleration for the blatant exponents of communistic doctrine, he has scarcely less for those who have engaged, through ignorance or otherwise, in subversive methods that seek to overthrow the existing order by deceptive processes. The book takes up the challenge to our principles and practices and upholds with calm reason and clear logic the faith that is still held by the vast majority of our people.

* * *

What Professor Abbott seeks to impress on his countrymen is that the system of government set up here constitutes an inheritance which should not be permitted to suffer impairment at the hands of those unacquainted with its ideals and traditions. Essentially English in its fundamental characteristics, it embodies features peculiarly adapted to meet the aspirations of a people in whom love of liberty and freedom is strongly ingrained. If, on the one hand, the tyranny of autocratic rulers was effectually guarded against, on the other, wise precautions were taken against the dangers inherent to democracy. A representative scheme of government with checks and balances carefully interposed was the result.

Under this dispensation of patriotic and far-seeing statesmanship the American nation has grown and prospered far beyond the fondest dreams of its founders. That which was a painfully wrought experiment in governmental procedure has proved its practicability under a test of sufficient duration to justify continued confidence in its character and adaptability to meet present-day conditions.

Too many Americans have not grasped the thought that this, their government, is theirs by virtue of bloody conflict, supreme sacrifice, and grim determination to achieve an ideal; that it was born of a desire for independence and was preserved in after years only through bitter civil strife. It comes to us as a rich heritage, entitled to our love and veneration. It is ours to protect and defend. Yet we have suffered attacks to be made upon it with a degree of indifference and toleration that does scant credit to our sense of national existence. We have permitted aliens among us to proceed on the assumption that here was a place for them to work out their theories of government; that if they did not like what they found here they were free to make it over. That the Republic of the United States belongs to those who created it and to their heirs, and that an obligation rests on those living under its flag to respect its laws, institutions, and customs is an idea that has been too generally disregarded.

Against this is the view that the United States is a "melting pot not only of races but of principles of government and society, whose character and direction, to say nothing of its form of government, are yet to be determined." No such notion as this does Professor Abbott entertain. He refutes it boldly, but in no dogmatic fashion. So clearly and simply does he show the essential fallacies of regarding the United States as an experiment station for evolving a new system of government that the reader finds his patriotism kindled anew. He realizes that here we have something worth preserving in all its great fundamental aspects, something that should not be profaned by innovations that constitute a perversion of the structure itself.

If the founders of this Republic had it in their minds to establish a government that could not be overthrown by ordinary methods, the plan they devised made at once for security and endurance. So long as the Federal Government confines itself to the purposes for which it was established, which means so long as the States jealously guard their sovereignty over domestic matters, the danger from the radicalism of force is remote. That danger will come only with the destruction of the nice balance of powers existing between the central government and the governments of the respective States. It is the agitation, so pronounced of late, in favor of granting the government at Washington vastly increased powers, with the consequent subordination of State control over local affairs, that needs to be guarded against. To this danger there has recently been a pronounced awakening.

* * *

Professor Abbott does not question the worthy motives of some of those who urge the complete dominance of the Federal Government over everything and everybody. He sees, however, as only the historian can, the inevitable consequences to our republican form of government if the program of centralization is carried out. To strike a blow at a single citadel of government may seem comparatively simple from the viewpoint of the revolutionist. But to launch a revolutionary movement not only against a Federal Government of limited and expressly delegated powers but also against forty-eight separate and distinct State governments, each vitally interested in preserving its own institutions, is a vastly more serious and difficult matter. This helps to explain why every so-called reform that seeks to increase the power of the central government has the active support of radical elements that care nothing for the reform itself. Professor Abbott elaborates the thought thus crudely expressed with a calmness worthy of emulation by others who have written on the subject. His words carry conviction. They are admirably chosen to show the transition from cause to effect.

And who are the "new barbarians"? Professor Abbott defines them as the foes of democracy, all prompted by the same destructive urge to make over the social structure and change the American system of government. Some of them, notably those who were but recently a part of European serfdom and who have had no acquaintance with democracy as we understand it, would resort to the crude method of force. From these there is less to fear than from those cultivated "Americans" whose obsession is reform. Impatient with conditions not to their liking, they see in bureaucratic devices an easy way to gain their ends. They constitute the aggressive minorities who, as Professor Abbott says, "appeal to the great principles of unity, liberty and tolerance, and at the same time, by every means in their power, seek to extend their own particular interests." They are advocates of a paternal form of government. They talk plausibly. They are frequently men and women of the very highest ideals. To them the basic principles of our government mean little or nothing. They laugh at Washington's advice in his Farewell Address:

> Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect alterations in the Constitution which will impair the energy of the system and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

The time has come, says Professor Abbott, to speak plainly about American nationalism and its enemies. We must regard the newer additions to our numbers as inheritors, not founders. If the Nation is to survive with the qualities in which the vast majority of its people believe, the efforts of that majority to convert the minority must be at least as vigorous as that of the minority to effect undesirable changes. No greater effort has been put forth in this direction than by Professor Abbott himself through the medium of "The New Barbarians," which is aptly described as "a vital book for thinking Americans."

The Vivid Near East

BEN KENDIM. By AUBREY HERBERT. Edited by DESMOND MACCARTHY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by ROSE WILDER LANE

TO one reading Aubrey Herbert's "Ben Kendim" it occurs again that living is a dilemma with horns as many as the legs of the milliped. The book reminds one of that pronged difficulty which presents on the one hand standardization, and on the other, anarchy; presents, that is to say, a choice between order, efficiency, mass production, mass psychology, the machine, the West, and disorder, individualism, the human being, the East.

It is no accident that "Ben Kendim" is published by a house that bridges the Atlantic, for Europe still wavers between these two extremes as America does not. A wholly American publisher, searching the book-trade's pigeonholes for a place into which to fit this volume, would not find it. Aubrey Herbert, second son of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, M. P. for the Yeovil division of Somerset, traveler, linguist, and lover of the East, has left us a book which defies our categories. It approaches the American market falteringly. The jacket announces, "A record of Eastern travel"; the introduction murmurs that it "is, in a sense, an autobiography."

The book, however, is as its author named it—"Ben Kendim," or, in English, "I, myself." It is neither travel nor autobiography, neither sociology nor politics; it is all these and more. It is unclassifiable as a human life is unclassifiable, for men are not yet produced by the Taylor method, and life is not pigeonholes. This is a clearly recorded bit of life itself, the life of the Near East as seen by an Englishman known and beloved from Zagreb to Basra.

As Aubrey Herbert modestly says, "David Urquhart had the affection of the Circassians and has had no successor in a later generation; Professor Browne stands alone in Persia. Lawrence is the undisputed champion of the Arabs;"—(Does the adjective stand in the presence of Miss Gertrude Bell?) "Bouchier and the Buxtons were the heroes of Bulgaria; Steed, Seton-Watson and Edward Boyle were the advocates of a Serbia that existed in their minds; the Greeks have had a number of archæologists, and there are still a few remaining romanticists devoted to their renaissance." Aubrey Herbert, who "went to the East by accident, as a young man may go to a party, and find his fate there," does not add that he himself knew all the warring races and policies, yet remained unblinded by the passionate loves and hates that are, like trachoma, an infection in those lands. His life said that for him.

On the mountain-wall of the valley of Bulqis, where the Albanian boundary line, never visited by the Geneva politicians who drew it, cuts Dibra's capital city from Albania as an eye is cut from a potato, lives the chief who first spoke to me of Aubrey Herbert. He had come many miles to ask news of him. To the Albanians about that camp-

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fire the world was divided, as for most of us, into two parts; their own country, and *mergim*, the foreign lands. Of *mergim* they knew the Five Powers, the Sultan-Caliph, King Wilson of America, Miss Edith Durham, and Aubrey Herbert. Politely they said, "Long live King Wilson!" and from their hearts they cried, "Long live Aubrey Herbert!"

Two years later a Turkish officer sat motionless under the whirring fans between the green-brick arches of the Hotel Maude in Baghdad. He had long been fighting somewhere in Kurdistan; the letters of months were stacked on the little coffee-table beside him, unopened. The first whose seal he had broken was crumpled in his hand. Tragedy was evident to the few persons who sat about, stupefied by the delirium of feverish heat. A friend laid a hand on his arm. "A letter from my wife in Cairo," he explained. "Aubrey Herbert is dead."

* * *

The personality of this man, who thus united old enmities in common affection for him, lives in the pages of "Ben Kendim." There are few persons in the world who can without impertinence question Aubrey Herbert's opinions upon Near Eastern affairs. These opinions he has expressed the more clearly because he has not stated them didactically. They are interspersed with impressions, sketches of men and events, anecdotes, a mass of the experiences from which grow the opinions of a thoughtful, open-minded, and humorous traveler.

With such a traveler, then, the reader of this book journeys through the Balkans to Constantinople, through the Yemen, the Persian Gulf, Mesopotamia, Syria, Albania; he observes the Young Turk revolution, the counter revolution, the roots and the fruit of the Balkan wars. He becomes acquainted with European and Near Eastern statesmen; he encounters the Arab, that perplexing fascination and uncertainty, both personally and politically; he lingers in the veritable caravanserai—*not those of which tenors sing.*

The shaping policies of nations are given no less vividly than the character of their peoples. "Enmity has not been a luxury among these (Near Eastern) people, but their daily bread, on which they have been forced to exist." "Old Pashas, whose knowledge of history consisted in a complete understanding that time did not heal but fermented the European discord, which again and again had proved the salvation of Turkey." "France is again inhabited by the ghost of Napoleon, who has returned without his genius."

Albania had in Aubrey Herbert, as in all westerners who know the Near East, an admirer and a champion. A third of his book is given to his travels in that country, where "fate and inclination sent me continually from 1907 to 1918." The first-hand information he gained in 1913 on the Montenegrin frontier and along the Serbian borders of Kossovo and the Sanjak of Novi Bazar is often an addition to our knowledge of events, though its value lies chiefly in corroboration. These details help to fill in the outlines of the belief—now rapidly becoming established fact, since the disclosures by Professor Stanoje Stanojevich of Belgrade and by Ljuba Jovanobich, President of the Serbian Parliament—that the Great War was deliberately precipitated by official Serbia, relying on promised French and Russian intervention to extend Serbian boundaries.

* * *

Ismail Kemal Bey's struggle to maintain the freedom of Albania, on which European peace depended, is well presented:

> I felt that everything depended on Ismail Kemal. But he was old and slow and counted time his friend when it was really his enemy. If he did not do something . . . Essad would have his way; and that would mean first a partitioned Albania, then soon, or possibly a little later at Essad's death, a European war. . . I said I would do what I could to help in England, but the Liberals thought the Albanians were all Turks and Moslems, and the Conservatives thought they were disturbers of the peace, like the Irish.

A sense of imminent calamity which was to overwhelm the world broods upon these pages. The Greeks were already invading southern Albania. Ismail Kemal spoke of "how easy an understanding ought to be between Greece and Albania. 'The Greeks and Albanians have the same enemies, the Slavs,' said he, 'and if they have no common ancestry, they are at least neighbors who have won freedom. But the Greeks are talkers, and vain. The oratory of Pericles destroys the statesmanship of Venizelos.'"

It would be difficult to pack more understanding of the western Balkan situation into fewer words.

This conciseness of expression runs through the leisurely charm of the book. One reads as one travels through those lands, enchanted, shocked, amused, and at the end surprised by the clear-cut whole which has emerged from detail. The story of unhappy Turkey is here, from the joyous hope of 1908, when the Young Turks thought they were joining hands with Europe in reforming Turkey, to the cynical desperation of 1922, when England and France, ruthlessly at war in Anatolia, were using tortured Greece and Turkey as their weapons. Aubrey Herbert went to the Near East trustfully believing, as most Americans still believe, the propaganda of Europe's imperialism; he lived to understand the Near East, and to place the blood-guiltiness where it belongs.

The whole book cries for quotation. Once read, it will not remain unhandled on any shelf; it will come easily to the hand, and soon fall open at scores of places. For it is not only a record of things past; it reveals also the realignment of forces making for the next war. There is every probability that Americans who were young in the Great War will not be middle-aged in the Greater War. There is perhaps a possibility that we will watch its approach with more intelligent knowledge of realities than was ours in the years before 1914. If this prove to be so, the few books like "Ben Kendim" will have contributed most to that result. And I know no book that implicitly presents more clearly the values of that attitude of courage and humor, sympathy and detachment, which best enables one to see and endure realities in this always interesting world.

The Blavatskian Puzzle

THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT. 1875-1925. *A History and a Review.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

THERE used to be a second hand bookstore whose proprietor had a novel way of saving his face. When asked to reduce his prices, he would reply that he would "consult the Committee." Thereupon he would retire into a back room and return in a moment with the answer: "The Committee agrees to accept your offer."

This is apparently what happened with the Theosophical Society and its founder Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. When in doubt she referred to her "Mahatmas" and seldom failed to receive a "Message from the Masters." These Masters were likewise known as the Adept Brothers, the Mysterious Brothers, the Masters of the Wisdom. We are also informed that "the first direct affirmation of the Adepts, Beings perfected spiritually, intellectually and physically, the flower of human and all evolution, is, so far as the Western World is concerned, to be found in the opening sentence of Isis Unveiled."

At this point we might have recourse to that hard hearted exposure of theosophy entitled "Isis Very Much Unveiled; the Story of the Great Mahatma Hoax." We prefer to take this official account of the Theosophical Movement from 1875 to 1925 and note how that "body of knowledge, ancient, constant, and eternal" very much resembled the ficitious committee in the back room. We very much suspect that this remarkable society had its origin in the back of the head of Madame Blavatsky. Instead of being ancient, constant and eternal, it started fifty years ago, was subject to constant changes, and is still evolving new wrinkles, such as the School of the Purple Mother at Point Loma, California.

The Theosophical Society is one of the most ingenious schemes over concocted. At the top stand the Mahatmas, the Hidden Brothers, the Custodians of the Ancient Knowledge. Next come the Chelas, the inner core of disciples who are the active agents of the Adepts. These form the second section; they are connected with the third section, the exoteric fellows, through the personality of Madame Blavatsky, sometimes called the link, but never the missing link, for she always manages to explain the apparent discrepancies between the esoteric knowledge of the Mahatmas and the exoteric dwellers in Manhattan.

The theosophical structure was one of three sections, but it needed some intermediate machinery to make it work. This was supplied by an interlocking directorate, the Fellows of the Society, and occasionally by an extra agent, a private plenipotentiary, between the founder and the Masters. This is attained by Madame Blavatsky's delegating her authority as she does in the following statement:

> . . . The Esoteric Section and its life in the U. S. A. depend upon W. Q. J. remaining its agent and what he now is. The day W. Q. J. resigns, H. P. B. will be virtually dead for the Americans. W. Q. J. is the *Antaskarana* (the "Link") between the two *Manas* (es), the American thought and the Indian—or rather the trans-Himalayan esoteric knowledge *Dixi*. H. P. B. . . .

There is nothing as damaging as the original documents. The above is a sample of the numerous statements and orders which Madame Blavatsky "precipitated" upon her followers. It furnishes a prime recipe in the cook book of charlatanry. Take a few phrases from an unknown tongue, mix with a jargon of Babu English, season with a peppering of capital letters, and the connection will be swallowed by thousands of westerners who feel the lure of the East.

* * *

Theosophy is one thing, its success another. This success was brought about by several very clever contrivances. There was of course the ancient theosophy with its doctrines of reincarnation, of Karma or retribution, and its various occult phenomena such as levitation of objects and precipitation of letters. These were the so-called lost mysteries of antiquity. How could they be made acceptable in this matter of fact western world? The first step was to attach them to that form of spiritualism current in America in the 'Seventies. But with the discrediting of the Rochester Rappings of the Fox sisters, something less commonplace had to be concocted. The medium for the Wisdom-Religion was now declared to be the Lodge of the Mahatmas, the Mysterious Brothers, otherwise described as spiritual and intelligent Agencies at work behind the scenes of human life. What proof is there of the existence of such beings? As H. P. B. wrote at the time of the *New York Sun* libel suit: "Occult phenomena can never be proved in a court of law during this century."

As the joint authors of this work add:

> Messages as well as Messengers must be judged on their phenomenal and moral worth. If the source of any message is metaphysical and transcendental its verification must be looked for on the plane of its origin, not on that of its receipt.

All this might be called the great philosophical alibi. From the messages of the Masters on rice paper, in red ink, precipitated upon Colonel Olcott in mid-ocean to voices in the air speaking to Mrs. Annie Besant none of these is to be subjected to mundane tests such as were demanded by the Society for Psychical Research. No, the esoteric theosophist is supposed to accept all these as evidences of the "New Light that has gone out from the Lodge." But are the Mysterious Brothers, the source of this light, real? Neither their existence nor their non-existence is to be discussed. This dictum of Madame Blavatsky puts the quietus upon the doubting questioner. But the lower orders may be discussed. Thus the Chela or Adept, called the Luminous Youth or Rajah, is known to be fictitious because Mrs. Tingley claims him as her own and Mrs. Tingley has no warrant other than her self-appointed authority seized at the Chicago convention.

Such is the Blavatskian cross word puzzle. Her "ipse dixit" goes; that of her rivals or self-appointed successors does not. All this opens up the final chapter in the history of the Theosophical Society. At the end of fifty years the movement has practically disappeared except for the Purple Mother of Point Loma, Mrs. Tingley herself. Now how this apostolic succession came to be called a "gross and palpable fraud" is most curious. As the authors of this work declare, out of more than six thousand members of The Theosophical Society in America in 1896 less than as many hundred now regard the decaying stump at Point Loma as the theosophical tree.

This volume affords rich reading in the rise and decline of an occult religious movement. While Madame Blavatsky kept her hand on the wheel the car ran pretty well. But the end of the journey was a kind of joy ride where everybody accused everybody else of scandalous conduct. There were serious charges against Madame Blavatsky, against

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Mrs. Besant, against Chakravarti, while those against Leadbetter are simply glossed over as "nameless practices." In a word this form of occultism, like so many others, which begins with high sounding phrases ends in the very mire of perversion.

On Irving Berlin

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN. By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

DR. WOOLLCOTT has somewhat dampened the powder of the eager critic by calling his biography "The Story of Irving Berlin", and apologizing with modest charm at the end on the ground that he knows nothing of music, is afraid of embarrassing Mr. Berlin, who after all, is only thirty-six years old, and that he merely presents a sort of source book for the future biographer.

Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that the composer of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," is a vastly more important and interesting person than the shy, if prosperous ex-busker, who emerges from Mr. Woollcott's two hundred and twenty-three pages.

We learn, to be sure, that he loves his mother, didn't like the army, that he composes spectacularly at Atlantic City, and that he likes to lie i' the sun at Palm Beach, but these characteristics are not highly individual nor entirely arresting. Here is a young man who makes Horatio Alger's best story sound tame, who has won both critical praise and uncritical dollars. From a news-boy and a singing waiter at Nigger Mike's Bowery Cafe he has risen to artistic heights of that new aesthetic recognizable only by the most advanced post-war minds. Along with Charlie Chaplin, Joe Cook, Krazy-Kat, and (I forget, does it include Edgar Guest) he is one of the new company of immortals rededicating in lively and disturbing fashion our temples of art.

Berlin sounds very interesting and the reader wonders vainly what he is really like. For instance, why doesn't he learn to play in other keys than F sharp rather than trust to a highly complicated geared affair for key shifting? Other people have learned even at the age of thirty-six. When his rhythmic gift and harmonic sense amounts to genius why does he allow himself to remain ignorant of important details of his art? With his sense of color, how well he ought to write for orchestra! Or does he subscribe to the ancient fear that knowledge somehow destroys originality? Apparently, the social values of Tin-Pan Alley are against musical craftmanship. Read Mr. Woollcott as he lyrically contrasts the office quarters of those who are merely musicans with the cushioned magnificence of Mr. Berlin's own bureau.

This volume tells often but not why Irving Berlin's contribution to music is superlative. The author says he has no way of telling and calls upon these twin pillars of "Classicism", John Alden Carpenter and Jerome Kern, each of whom emits a large blurb full of praise but no specifications. A critical analysis of some of those amazing songs setting them alongside of what went before and what has come since, would be of great educational value to young musicians eager to discover why the birthday of American music and Mr. Berlin's are synonymous.

The story is most entertainingly told and many interesting revelations are made. A favorite method of Mr. Woollcott is to describe some lowly person on the bowery and then suddenly blurt out the name of a celebrity of today. Some of those appearing in this literary presto-chango are Laurette Taylor, George White, Herb Swope, Buster Keaton, and Leonore Ulric.

It is too bad Mr. Woollcott decided not to venture out of the harbor of journalism. In spite of his professed modesty there is ample evidence that here lay the material and the author for really fine biography. Perhaps somewhat of the same struggle occurred in the breast of the writer, that he so neatly describes in telling of Mr. Berlin's artistic activities.

The artist in him may be tickled mightily by some neat, unexpected phrase in the chorus he has just written, but the publisher in him will ruthlessly strike it out in favor of some quite routine threadbare word with no disconcerting unfamiliarity about it to stick in the crop of the proletariat.

The BOWLING GREEN

Heaving To

JAMES BONE, the London editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, had only been in this country (his first visit) a few hours when there was delivered to his hotel a letter that seems worth recording as a document. It went thus:—

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS
(Colored)

Rev. Hannibal S. Jackson, A.B., A.M, Ph.D., LL.D., D.D.,
Chancellor and Financial Secretary

Dear Sir:—Although the Institute primarily is one of Service to the purity of home literature and art, it also, by resolution of the Senate, stands to further and uphold the American Standard. In line with this Service, you, as a guest in the United States, have responsibilities as to the American Standard, which is no evolution, no drinking, law enforcement and democracy. Under separate cover our Service includes sending you a copy of the American Constitution to obey, which is being sent you to obey. Respectfully yours,

HANNIBAL S. JACKSON.

The Lord loves a happy man; and it gives me pleasure to think how tenderly the President of the Immortals must smile upon the Reverend Hannibal as he sits down to sign and send off a batch of these letters. I should apologize, I suppose, for bringing Mr. Bone into it; for it is his pride that in his long career as a journalist his name has only twice got into his own paper, and then by mistake. But his errand over here was important enough to warrant transgressions of all rule. Ostensibly he is here to visit the Baltimore *Sun*, with which paper his own *Guardian* has certain reciprocities. But as a matter of inward fact, Mr. Bone, who is the European secretary of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, came over to make "contact" with the Head Office. I wish you had been present in Manhasset Bay when Mr. Bone was inducted into full membership in the Club. The club's flag, with its symbolic hour-glasses, was raised to the mast of the ketch *Narcissus;* Mr. Bone and satellites were welcomed aboard; and Hannibal S. Jackson would have shuddered at the consequences. For I must be honest, even if it costs me that subscriber in Waterbury. Speaking of "contacts," how pleasant is the Telephone Company's sign in Roe's Hotel, Patchogue, L. I. "Don't *Wish* for More Contacts. Make Them by Telephone."

* * *

Last week we were speaking of barometer readings. Perhaps to show how these things look in a square-rigger, an extract from the log of the *Tusitala* can be entered here. This is not a description of a voyage made a century ago, but dates only from last February, when the ship was bound from Honolulu to Seattle.

By 4.00 p. m. the wind had increased to force 6 to 7, backing towards SSE., overcast, barometer 29.55 and falling. Furled the crossjack and the three royals as well as the flying jib. We will soon have to take more sails in. We are proceeding at about 12 miles. The sea is getting up and the horizon does not look good.

At 5.00 p. m. it was "ALL HANDS ON DECK." The ship was at this time travelling at over 13 miles, wind increasing all the time, the barometer dropping to 29.55, wind being SE. It did look extremely dirty. My intention was to take the mainsail only, but I soon saw, that we would have to take more. A full gale was blowing at the time, the foam whirling right across the ship. Our boys are fine sailors, they work well together and amidst jokes we got the mainsail in, though no easy job at this time. While making it fast the wind still increased, and yet, we had our three topgallant sails on. After finishing with the mainsail we managed to get those sails in. I did not think we could do it, but we have very efficient officers. We ripped the main—and the fore—topgallant sails some, and managed to get them in. The wind blew at this time so strong, that the ship would not answer her helm, heading up to the wind, lee scuppers awash, every rope and wire strained to the utmost. If something had carried away, it would have taken more along, so it was with anxious feelings I watched the proceedings on deck. Not an unnecessary shout, every man at his rope, the mate at the halyard, the second mate and bosun slackening at the sheets as the sail was clewed up. When these sails were in, we made fast the mizzen upper-topsail, so as to make the ship manageable.

Apart from a few anxious moments, it was a grand and unusual sight to see a sailing ship proceed at such tremendous speed. We made fully 14 to 15 knots during at least half an hour.

During the last half hour the wind gradually hauled round to South-west, and at 6.00 p. m. the sky is clear and of a beautiful dark blue, the stars just coming through. We squared away and the wind is now right aft. She is now proceeding very easily, but still at a fine speed, heading direct for our destination little over 1,050 miles away. The watch went below to get their supper. This last hour, I am sure, has been the most exciting, so far, during the whole trip. I expect we shall get more.

In the olden days we should have served out a stiff drink to each man. This cannot be done now, but the result is most wonderful, and there is no harm in it; now, we got to content the men with the usual fine and plentiful supper and tea.

Well, we got our blow, a bigger one than anticipated, and it is not over yet.

By midnight last night it was blowing a full gale. It blew so hard that we logged a distance of 52 miles from 12 to 4 a. m. The nervous strain of running dead before a heavy gale in a ballasted ship through a night of utter darkness, is very great. At 2.00 a. m. the barometer commenced to rise, and we could now look for a change to the North-west. By 3.30 a. m. I dared run no longer, for so heavy a pressure of sails, called all hands. The sea was getting so big, that our rudder was out of water every time the afterend of the ship was in a wave-valley, and consequently steering became dangerous, and a possible broaching to a matter of seconds.

We first took in the mizzen lower-topsail, then the fore upper-topsail and next the main upper-topsail. This last required some skill, but the mate, Mr. Mikkelsen, is equal to it.

When the first lights of day shone through over the eastern horizon, the ship amidst the infuriated seas, the crew all up aloft, it presented a most awesome and striking picture, which in our days does not fall to many to behold. The small ship was tossed forward from big wave to big wave, shivering, as she tore through the solid masses of water, and looking up aloft, every rope, wire and chain as steady and unconcerned, as if no great forces were trying to tear it all asunder, and it is then, you fully realize what infinite skill and workmanship has been employed in designing and building a ship.

We also took in the fore-sail, and, while the men were up aloft out on the yard-arm, the ship broached to with wind and sea on our starboard side, sails aback, masts and yards shaking owing to the great pressure. The ship would not answer her helm. Called all hands down, braced the yards up, and now hove her to on her starboard tack. Then the men went up and finished furling the fore-sail.

It was not our intention to heave her to at that time, but having done so by own effort, and being on the right tack, I and the mate judged this best for the time being. The gale was at this time blowing no less than 70 to 80 miles per hour, the ocean one mass of seething foam, the tops of the waves being blown off. We certainly did take some hazardous rollings, the clinometer registering 43 degrees to port. On one occasion, I was just going to take a snapshot of the waves, when the second mate called out: "Watch out!" I had seen it myself, the ship was at this time already rolling over on one wave, when the biggest sea I recollect having seen came surging up with a terrific roar, catching the ship not very far from the keel, heeling her over still more, while breaking over the ship from stem to stern. Still, the *Tusitala* righted herself, though with some difficulty. I did not get my picture, nor attempt afterwards. This was the only sea which actually broke over the ship. The height can easily be estimated at no less than 50 feet and probably more. It is a known fact, that occasionally these exceptionally big seas or rather breakers, come rolling along, and, if meeting a ship, while already heeled over to the limit, she must turn over, not having enough righting moment to return to a position of stability. This is also a danger to any steamer in ballast.

Naturally, it is most distressing to heave a ship to, when the wind is fair, but sometimes this must be done.

At any rate Hannibal S. Jackson will note that the "American Standard" is strictly observed aboard the *Tusitala*—even if she is named for a Scotchman.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

HOW Dickens's "Edwin Drood" lives on! "The trial of John Jasper, lay precentor of Cloisterham Cathedral in the county of Kent, for the murder of Edwin Drood, engineer," was heard by Mr. Justice Gilbert Keith Chesterton, sitting with a special jury of famous authors of which George Bernard Shaw was foreman, in King's Hall, Covent Garden, Jan. 17, 1914. "The Trial of John Jasper" was published by Jones and Evans, 77 Queen street, Cheapside. The Philadelphia trial was held in the Academy of Music (sold out a week in advance) in April, 1914. This was followed by one in Toronto in 1921. In each the judge and jury were prominent in the literary world: the witnesses, characters in the novel, appeared in costume, and in London the whole thing took four hours and twenty minutes to get to a verdict of manslaughter. It is like geeting a new Dickens novel to read the report, especially when G. B. S. jumps into the party with searching and irreverent questions. The report of the Philadelphia trial was privately printed for the Fellowship there (the Secretary is Mr. J. K. Thompson, 333 Saunders avenue, Philadelphia) and "Scenes from Dickens: Trials, Sketches and Plays," by J. E. Jones, was published by McClelland Stewart, Toronto.

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Books of Special Interest

The Heart of Dai-Nippon

JAPAN: An Interpretation. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER C. STEVENS

MANY persons ignored General Grant's achievements and attacked his personality. Likewise, some of Hearn's biographers and critics magnify his idiosyncrasies and minimize his attainments. Nevertheless, his work speaks for itself. No great excellence in art or literature was ever produced without agony of mind and spirit. Physical pain has often been a constant attendant.

So with this book of Lafcadio Hearn. Upon his arrival in Japan, he became infatuated with every manifestation and phase of her national life. Fascinated by its contrast to that of America, he sought in every conceivable way to imbue himself with its spirit. By study, religious conversion, self-effacement, and even expatriation, he fused himself with his environment. He adopted a Japanese name and married a Japanese wife.

He was eventually disillusioned. He learned that the government and people of an Oriental island empire could be far more cruel and unjust than the heedlessly practical citizens of a western republic. The golden web of romance vanished. Metamorphosis was complete, and the actual Nippon confronted her former votary.

Revelation and truth inspired this book. From the very moment of the author's arrival in Japan, throughout the entire fourteen years of his life there, his yearning and dreams had been to portray Japan as she appeared to him. The "Interpretation" was intended by Hearn as a mere valedictory. It became a "Morituri Salutamus." Completed shortly before his death in September, 1904, and published the same month, the present volume is a new edition. Before passing to the book itself, a glance at the author's letters will be most helpful. These define his purpose and point of view.

In writing one of his friends in 1903, he announced that the Interpretation would explain Japan "from the standpoint of ancestor-worship, that the whole study is based upon the ancient religion." Later, he wrote that the book "will form eventually a serious work upon Japan, entirely unlike anything yet written. The substantial idea of the lectures is that Japanese society represents the condition of ancient Greek society a thousand years before Christ. I am treating of religious Japan,—not of artistic or economic Japan, except by way of illustration."

Commenting upon this book is like an attempt to paint the lily. It is a picture, and as such, not to be meddled with. Hearn states that one of his best Japanese friends told him that when Hearn himself realized that he could not understand Japan at all, he would then begin to know something about the Japanese. He adds: "After having realized the truth of my friend's prediction,—I feel better qualified to attempt this essay."

Ancestor-worship, or Shinto, is the keynote of the book, and the national religion. Hearn takes great pains to fully expound its tenets. Buddhism is also thoroughly discussed. Other important chapters deal with the military power, feudalism, the Jesuit peril of the sixteenth century, modern restraints on Japanese individualism, official education, and the dangers of industrialism.

That present day Japanese life strongly resembles ancient Greek civilization is open to debate. Notwithstanding, the analogy provides a most happy clue through the mazes and out of the labyrinth of Japanese sociology. Hearn's great criterion in support of his thesis is "La Cité Antique," by M. de Coulanges.

In the final chapter entitled "Reflections," Hearn considers the general influence of ancestor-worship upon the people, their customs and the national life. Its vital effect upon the contact of the nation with the world at large is thus expressed:

> Never will the East turn Christian while dogmatism requires the convert to deny his ancient obligation to the family, the community and the government,—and further insists that he prove his zeal for an alien creed by destroying the tablets of his ancestors, and outraging the memory of those who gave him life.

Arid Psychology

THE FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGY. By MADISON BENTLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by A. A. BRILL, M. D.

FEELING that academic psychology has of late years been caught in a whirl of new ideas and that psychology is just now passing through a very restless period, the author makes an effort to bring some order out of chaos. He does not wish to give an exhaustive account of psychological facts, a task which he considers impossible but wishes to give a view, "Of the field as can be seen from a single point of regard and can be defined by a meager choice of empirical principles." The author however tells us that he purposely kept away from the "Caves of the unconscious" whose formidable regions he was afraid to enter. The author then fulfills his task by reviewing what has been done by academic psychology up to date, giving his observations and criticisms and adding some interesting material of his own.

From the viewpoint of academic psychology one can recommend this work as a useful compendium for the college student, who unfortunately is still forced to study this kind of psychology. As a contribution to the knowledge of the psyche which is the real function of psychology, it hardly adds anything. The reader will find it uninteresting and indigestible. Some parts are as involved as a complicated cross-word puzzle minus the interest that goes with the latter. This is not altogether the fault of the author who on the whole has produced a good work of its kind, but of the subject.

As long as psychologists will ignore the actual workings of the human mind and confine their investigations to clocks, drums, nonsense syllables, etc., academic psychology will remain dry and barren. To know something about the workings of the mind, one must study it *in situ* and not only in the so-called normal being but especially in the abnormal type. The reviewer advisedly emphasizes the latter because it is from the abnormal that we can tell what is really normal. It is from the new psychology influenced by Charcot, Janet, Stanley Hall, Morton Prince, Bleuler and last but not least by Freud and his school, that one must look for real knowledge about the complicated structures of the psyche. The clinician who is not yearning for the help of the modern "Marital Son of Aegeus" who is not loath to enter the "Caves of the Unconscious" will give us a new, interesting, and real psychology of the mind.

In "Romantiques d'Aujourd'hui" (Brussels: La Renaissance d'Occident), Maurice Gauchez, the distinguished Belgian poet, critic, and publisher, has collected studies of sixteen of the younger French poets and novelists whose work seems to him to indicate a return to romanticism. Despite occasional false emphasis, M. Gauchez's essays are interesting and illuminating.

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Jacques Riviere

By René Galland

We now begin to realize how much we have been impoverished by the War. I am not alluding to our low rate of exchange and our financial difficulties. We might be poor in an ordinary sense, and intellectually, spiritually, very rich. But we are poor in every way and getting poorer and poorer. The best are gone and almost every day we learn the death of one who, but for the war, might have lived on to a ripe old age and contributed to the literary wealth of the nation. Such has been the fate of Jacques Rivière, who has left us at the age of 38. The hardships he experienced as a prisoner in Germany from 1914 to 1917 caused him to be sent to Switzerland where the armistice found him, but they have had after-effects and when he was seized by a serious illness he was unable to conquer it, and although he fought desperately to the end, he had to leave his wife and children and the work he loved.

His early work had been mainly critical. It is to be found in a volume entitled "Etudes" and in many numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, from 1909 to 1924. An essay in racial psychology, "L'Allemand," was the outcome of his captivity, and only two years ago appeared his novel "Aimée." But everything he wrote was characterized by insight and a splendid sincerity. In a country where the human mind has been preëminently an object of study, where an interrupted chain of writers with a psychological bent, from Montaigne to Proust, has perpetuated a certain literary tradition, he would certainly have left his mark as a critic and novelist, for he was ever trying to shed light in the dark corners of the soul, and in so doing to enlarge the domain of consciousness and intelligence. His novel "Aimée," an excellent book of the analytic, introspective type, shows what his powers were and how he united finesse, acumen, and depth. That study of the progress of love in a shy soul is not to be summed up in a few words nor to be swallowed at a gulp by hasty readers of cheap magazines. One has to read it slowly and possibly more than once to appreciate it fully, but one is rewarded, for in it one finds not an author, but a man.

* * *

This man was singularly lovable, with his modesty, his *pudeur* and reserve, his horror of self-advertisements, his deep-seated love of art and ideas, his keen interest in his fellow-creatures, and, above all, his desire to see as clearly as possible what was going on within himself, to be perfectly sincere with himself. This sincerity shone out at his eyes which were most expressive and truly reflected his inner complexity, for they had the peculiar intensity of those accustomed to look inward, to search there for silent places and then probe secret wounds. At times they wore the candid look and delightful smile of a child, but more often they betrayed the scrupulousness of Rivière. Hesitations and doubts occurred constantly to him, as they must occur when one has truth for its end and does not accept ready-made truth. Can one ever say he has achieved his object? Is there an end to striving? When a height is attained, it discloses another, and no rest is possible for the man who has once experienced the fine torments of thought. The writings of such an one, intent on the quest of truth, are infinitely stimulating, for they disclose the stage of his spiritual progress, admit us into "the quick forge and working-house of thought" and are an incentive for us to emulate the noble efforts we are witnessing.

Jacques Rivière, who had contributed almost from the first to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, was its secretary when the war broke out and stopped its career; but in 1919 he resumed his activities as editor of the review which soon grew under his direction to be the leading literary monthly. Professor Lanson, in the latest edition of his French literature (1923), hailed it as "a true representative of the best tendencies in contemporary letters."

Rivière's taste, as became an editor, was catholic. He could enjoy Wagner and Debussy, Myres and Delecroix, Claudel and Gide, Hardy and Conrad. His greatest admirations, however, were Proust and Meredith. One recollects the special number of the *N. R F.* dedicated to the memory of the former, and Rivière's tribute to his friend; as to the latter, he was instrumental in bringing to light the recently published translation of "The Egoist." He was subtle and supple enough to sympathize with anything new, to understand Max Jacob and Apollinaire, and see the soul of good in the Dada movement. He was ever trying to discover and encourage young writers of talent and did not hesitate to open the pages of his review to their prose or verse, however bizarre they might appear at first. It was enough that his quick understanding and warm heart had discerned in them something akin to his own sincerity. But he was not a mere dilettante: he did not refuse to make a choice and assert his preferences. Far from it: more and more he expressed his belief in "the creative virtue of the critical mind," in the power of intellect to open new paths, to renew French art and shape its future. The symbolist poets had cast their spell on his youth, but in 1920 he made clear his determination to cut loose from all such "subjectivism" and to return to the great psychological tradition.

Such was the man whose death is mourned by friends and adversaries alike as a loss for French letters—for letters in general—if the part played by us in the world-orchestra is not merely that of "second violin." Rivière leaves unsaid the best of him, undone the great work of reconciliation he would have attempted. His efforts would have done much for a better understanding between the nations, for he believed in a communion of the best minds, regardless of frontiers. Let us hope that his spirit will inspire his successor.

The Spanish essayist who hides his identity under the name of Azorin, and whose high standing among his countrymen has recently been given official recognition by his election to the Royal Spanish Academy, has published a new volume of essays that takes rank with the best he has produced in the past. "Una Hora de Espana" (Madrid: Caro Ragio) contains a series of brief papers on life and letters in Spain between 1560 and 1590, years when the country was at the height of its power.

A group of interesting books just out may include Tristan Bernard's "Autour du Ring. Tableau de la Boxe" (Nouvelle Revue Française); Blaise Cendrar's "L'Or: la Merveilleuse Aventure du General Johann August Suter" (Grasset), an amusing and curious story based on the real adventures of a Swiss pioneer in California who was ruined by the discovery of gold mines on his property, where he lived patriarchally; Tristan Darème's "L'Enlèvement sans Clair de Lune" (Emile-Paul), highly commended for its charm, and compared by one critic to Anatole France's "Sylvestre Bonard"; Christiane Fournier's "La Parabole du Mariage" (Editions du Monde Moderne), a story of American University life for women as observed by a young Frenchwoman who has been both student and professor; Maurice Simart's "L'Entresol de Monsieur Perrucot" (Baudinière), which has aroused enthusiasm among jaded critics, a delightful love story full of ideas, a young poet's first novel.

One of the most important publications of the Club of Old Volumes, to be issued this spring, is an account of William Blake's "Milton, A Poem," based on the only copy—one of four known—which contains the full number of plates. This copy, which belongs to a member of the club, was unknown when Geoffrey Keynes prepared the "Bibliography of William Blake," published by the Grolier Club in 1921. The text, describing Blake's method of work as well as the place of "Milton" among his literary and artistic productions, has been written by S. Foster Damon of Harvard University, author of "William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols," published in London last year.

An admirable critical study of Balzac has recently come from the pen of Ernst Robert Curtis (Bonn: Cohen). It is a discerning and balanced study, learned without being heavy, and consistently illuminating in its analysis.

One of the best of the admirable series of historical novels that have been appearing over a number of years from the pen of Pío Baroja under the general title "Memorias de un Hombre de Acciön" (Madrid. Caro Raggio) came from the press a short time ago.

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From a review in the New York Herald Tribune written by Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor of American Literature, Pennsylvania State College.

DRUMS By James Boyd

1st Printing, March, 1925
2d Printing, April, 1925
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—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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Foreign Literature

The Historic Jeanne

LA VIERGE AU GRAND COEUR. By FRANCOIS PORCHÉ. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1925.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. MADISON

WHEN an artist takes for his subject an important event in history—an event that has become commonplace in the realm of art—he does it at his peril. Unless he be a great artist his mediocrity in such a work is the more obvious. Jeanne d'Arc especially is a dangerous subject for the ordinary artist. To interpret her character anew and to avoid the sentimental banality that has grown about it with the tenacity of a wild growth requires a powerfully creative imagination. He whose imagination is without this power of creation will give the usual trite portrayal. Recently Shaw has displayed an imaginative creativeness that came very near genius, and his "Saint Joan" is a fine play. François Porché is not so gifted, and his poetic drama, "La Vierge au Grand Coeur," is not so fine a play.

"La Vierge au Grand Coeur" gives a fair psychological portrayal of the historic Jeanne, no more. It describes how she met the situations and obstacles that confronted her; the successive stages of her rise from a simple shepherdess to a national saint in the brief period of two years. The drama is divided into three parts. Part One, "*la Mission*," shows what kind of girl she was until called by the "voices," and how the Archangel Michael and the saints Catherine and Marguerite prepare her for the difficult mission she is about to undertake; Part Two, "*les Travaux*," demonstrates how Jeanne the simple peasant maiden, achieves her impossible task by convincing the king of her power to give him back his kingdom, by repulsing the English, and by becoming through sheer effort the acknowledged chief of the French army; Part Three, "*la Passion*," describes how fate turns against her, her *voie douloureuse*, and her final assumption. Each scene is historically accurate, even to the ages of the chief participants. The first period of her activity is emphasized. The trial scene, made so much of by Shaw, is omitted altogether, the author contending that that makes a play in itself.

Porché does not attempt to explain the miraculous; he exploits it to the utmost in the attempt to express Jeanne's thought and belief. The result is a portrait in accord with the popular conception of the newly created saint. She is shown a very pious girl, intensely patriotic, and replete with common sense. Her "voices" are very real to her, and inspire her always. She accepts them quite naturally once she is convinced of their source, and regards herself God's chosen warrior who is to expel the English from French soil. Porché strives chiefly to present her to the highest degree at once a mystic and a person of action. He brings out quite vividly the utter confidence in her heaven sent mission, the eloquence with which she expresses her faith in the final success of her work, and her constant activity in the field and among the soldiers. Nevertheless the play is not first rate. It gives the reader little that he does not already know of Jeanne. The poetry with which this play is expressed is more rhetorical than poetic. As in his other works he strives too obviously after a simplicity of diction and style, and he achieves neither without manifest affectedness.

Porché acknowledges gratefully the collaboration of Mde. Simon, his wife.

Wells, Etc. in Germany

DER ENGLISCHE ROMAN DER NEUESTEN ZEIT. By WALTER F. SCHIRMER. Heidelberg: Carl Winters Universitätsbuchlandlung.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THIS little book is an interesting example of the revival of German attention to foreign literature which has come in the wake of Germany's economic recovery. Herr Schirmer has carried out his task of surveying the modern English novel for Geman readers with praiseworthy thoroughness and zeal, and several of his pages, especially his conclusions, will be read with interest by the non-German reader. He begins with H. G. Wells, a novelist, incidentally, never so well understood or so widely read in Germany as in France, rightly divides his writing into the three categories of romantic fantasy, realistic novels about modern middle-class life, and the "reformatorischer Journalismus" of his latest books, but discerns the underlying unity of all his work. Coming to Galsworthy he does not conceal his preference for him as against Wells, for in the author of "The Forsyte Saga" he finds a more successful attempt to penetrate the spiritual realities of our generation. "He is," he says, "more effective in expressing the cry of his generation and penetrating the soul of mankind than any of the four great contemporary English novelists"—and these four are, according to him, Wells, Conrad, Galsworthy and Bennett. Of the last-named he will only consider four works, "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways" and "These Twain," dismissing the rest as potboilers, not, clearly, having read "Riceyman Steps." Bennett's work as a whole he regards as the climax of the English realistic novel.

This brings him to a consideration of the younger generation. In brief space he manages to do justice to practically everybody of importance with the exception of Aldous Huxley, whom he does not mention, and E. M. Forster, to whom he gives less than a line. He is perhaps too lingering over certain of the women-novelists, but the present reviewer, if he may interpose, is glad to see his eulogy of Clemence Dane's "Legend," which Herr Schirmer acclaims as a technical masterpiece. His conclusion is that a new novel-form is on its way, but has not yet definitely arrived or asserted itself over the younger writers. The age of comfortable isolation at home and self-complacent imperialism abroad was passing in England before the war, and that event definitely marked its end. For the novel that has meant the end of the realistic form and an attempt to perfect an altogether different technique—witness the writing of D. H. Lawrence, of Virginia Woolf, not to speak of James Joyce. But Herr Schirmer is of opinion that most of the work so far published has been experimental, and that the real achievement has yet to come. It is an interesting conclusion for a detached foreign observer to have arrived at. Whatever we may think of its soundness, it is a judgment which is founded on wide and close study of practically all that counts in contemporary English fiction.

Foreign Notes

WHAT is said by a writer in Les Nouvelles Littéraires to be the best novel of Marcel Prevost was recently published in France. "Sa Maitresse et Moi" (Les Editions de France) is the tale of a woman whose lover develops cancer and who nurses him through his illness with extreme devotion despite the fact that during it she has fallen in love with his best friend. As the illness drags on with terrible sufferings, Robert's mistress yields to his insistence and hastens his death to spare him further pain. Promptly upon his death she marries his friend who is aware of the part she has played in putting an end to Robert's agony. The marriage proves happy until husband and wife begin to edit the posthumous works of the dead Robert, and his former mistress begins to live in a closer communion of mind and spirit with him than she had ever known during his lifetime. The story ends with the separation of the couple.

In his latest romance, "Lütte Witt," (Berlin: Grotesche Verlagsbuchhandlung) Gustav Frenssen has produced a tale which despite the fact that it is unconvincing because its burden is carried by an eleven-year old hero, is nevertheless interesting, and in its general outlook and philosophy riper than the work of the author that has preceded it. The story is centered about conditions in the Ruhr.

Enrico Thovez, one of the most distinguished of contemporary Italian critics, recently died in Turin. He published a large number of books incorporating his essays on poetry and *belles lettres*, most of which dealt with Italian literature though some at times went further afield.

The first volume of the first part of the French official account of the war has just been issued. "Les Armées Françaises dans la Grande Guerre" (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale) is heavily documented, and is a scientific and impersonal chronicle, making no attempt at propaganda, but presenting a cold, unbiased array of facts. Its 480 pages of text and 1,026 pages of documents, contained in an appendix, advance the history of the war only to the evening of August 23, 1914.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE. SIR JOHN SOANE, By *H. J. Birnstinzl.* Scribner's. $2.50.

THE PRINCIPLES OF DECORATION. By *S. G. Hatton.* Scribner's. $3.50.

Belles Lettres

THE SHINING PYRAMID. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Despite the virtue of variety, these earlier stories and essays fall far short of representing Mr. Machen at his best. They are, in the words of the introduction, "of many periods and of many manners . . . bits of the breakages of unhappy failures of books," in short, the too evident mishaps of Mr. Machen's long apprenticeship; and as such, the general quality of the book proves disappointing.

We find here little of that distinguished beauty achieved in "The Hill of Dreams." In particular, two of the three stories, "Out of the Earth" and "The Shining Pyramid, the title piece of the volume, are but indifferent examples of Mr. Machen's peculiar excellence in the psycho-romantic tale. "The Mystic Speech," however, and parts of "Education and the Uneducated" approach the author's happiest moods, revealing him, if not in his heights, in much of his accustomed charm and irony.

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. New York. Robert M. McBridge & Co. 1925. $6.

This handsomely printed edition has for its special feature a remarkable series of photographs of the birds and animals of Selborne, taken by Richard Kearton, who writes the graceful preface, and Cherry Kearton. Whether one approves of this innovation depends upon his literary history. If "The Natural History" has been a cherished relique from the past, loved for its quaintness as much as for its nicety of observation, the photographs will seem impertinence. But if White's book be read in the spirit in which he wrote, undoubtedly these careful studies of nesting birds and coiled snakes will extend the service of the book and make vivid its descriptions. Mr. Keaton is undoubtedly right in believing that Gilbert himself would have approved. The enduring charm, however, of White's Selborne is in the quiet beauty of its style which reflects an ardent mind as sensitive as it was curious. The present reviewer would have preferred the photographs in an appendix, where they did not interrupt. A perfect description performs an act upon the senses which should not be duplicated, and Selborne in 1924 rather distressingly impinges upon this transcript of nature in the eighteenth century.

ASPECTS OF THE MODERN SHORT STORY. By *Alfred C. Ward.* Dial Press. $2.50.

SOCIETY WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. By *Violet A. Wilson.* Dutton. $5.

NEW WRITINGS. By *William Haxlitt.* Collected by *P. P. Howe.* Dial Press. $2.50.

THE NOVELS OF FIELDING. By Auralien *Digeon.* Dutton. $4.50.

THE CIVILE CONVERSATION OF M. STEEVEN GUAZZO. Vols. 1 and 2. Translated by *George Pettie.* The Tudor Translations. Second Series. Knopf. $8.50 per volume.

ANTHONY MUNDAY. THE ENGLISH ROMAYNE LYFE. Dutton. $1.50.

Biography

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL, THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST. By EMIL FUCHS. Putnams. 1925.

Your reviewer has never seen a book on art that carried such social guarantees as Mr. Fuchs's autobiography. The end papers are an anthology from his guest books, where one may read, our choice is a random one, Marlborough, Fritz Kreisler, Takaaki Kato, Anita Stewart, C. M. Schwab, not to mention several undecipherable small royalties. Inside the fly leaf is inserted a facsimile of a note of thanks in the handwriting of Queen Alexandra.

To have started as a poor boy in Vienna, to have made such friends, to have handled successfully the tools of the sculptor, painter, and etcher, to have written so big and fine a book about it all—evinces amiability, adroitness and a considerable degree of talent. Unhappily Mr. Fuch's literary gift is slight and however interesting his personages are, and he has known scores of the most interesting people of his generation, they become quite hopelessly uninteresting under his hands. This is probably due to his treating them as celebrities merely—as so many scalps dangling from his social girdle.

There are a few compensating and revealing pages. Most precious those which deal with the author's artistic culmination in the artistically innocent circle of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. The homeliness of the record should disarm both aesthetes and anarchists. The beginning was this way. Mr. Fuchs had designed a fetching ashtray bearing the profile of General Sir Arthur Ellis. The General gave one to the Prince for Christmas. As his Royal Highness used it, the beauty of the memorial and donative idea involved grew upon him, and one memorable morning in June, 1899, accompanied by an equerry he entered Mr. Fuchs's studio and said:

"Mr. Fuchs, I saw your medal of General Sir Arthur Ellis—in fact, I see it every day on the ashtray he gave me for Christmas. I consider it a happy idea and a good likeness. Do you think you could make a similar one for me?"

Mr. Fuchs naturally could not refuse. The first sitting ensued. Ensued many pleasant things—visits to Sandringham, evidently a homey place, where visitors "weighed in" before dinner; an unofficial position as artist of ready reference to the Royal House. Thus Mr. Fuchs designed the Vienna Medal of 1900, the memorial to Prince Christian Victor in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; the coronation medal of Edward V, the postage stamp for the same monarch, and many another similar commission. The postage stamp raised an objection from Parliament, which fell flat before the ministerial explanation that the King himself had chosen Mr. Fuchs to make the design. Eventually the late King gave Mr. Fuchs a commission for another example of the historic ashtray.

When sculpture went slowly, with no difficulty at all Mr. Fuchs transferred his affections to painting and his residence to New York, where our new and old wealth have been glad to sit for one before whom so much British aristocracy had already sat.

No reader can expect to get as much pleasure and entertainment out of this autobiography as Mr. Fuchs got in writing it; but readers who habitually and thoroughly read "among those present" will get a rewarding amount of pleasure all the same. It is a question whether to laugh or swear at such a book; probably the former critical method is better, for it is less trouble and leaves everyone feeling better.

PRESIDENT WITHERSPOON. By *Varnum Lansing Collins.* 2 vols. Princeton University Press. $7.50.

Drama

CONTEMPORARY PLAYS. Selected and edited by *Thomas H. Dickinson* and *Jack R. Crawford.* Houghton, Mifflin. $4.50.

A REED FOR PAN. By *Sophie Solow.* N. Y. Blue Faun Publications.

Fiction

ALAN. By E. F. BENSON. Doran. 1925. $2.

So predominant is Alan's profession in Mr. Benson's study of an egoist, that he strikes one as an egoist who does nothing but write novels. For his selfishness lies in neglecting his wife and enslaving her as his amanuensis, and in hating his young cousin Tim because Alan fades out as a writer while Tim becomes the literary idol of the hour. His feeling toward Tim is purely professional; he does not hate him because he and Agnes, Alan's wife, fall in love with each other.

Within narrow limits Alan is a convincing egoist, but as a writer he is hardly more than a caricature. Though conveyed in a long-winded and repetitious fashion, without any of those unforgettable flashes which reveal so much, Alan's egoism is made quite clear; but as a novelist, particularly a once famous novelist, he does not ring true. His tiresome pomposity, his dull wit and complete lack of humor, his almost incredible way of composing, his ignorance of modern literature, are a little

(*Continued on next page*)

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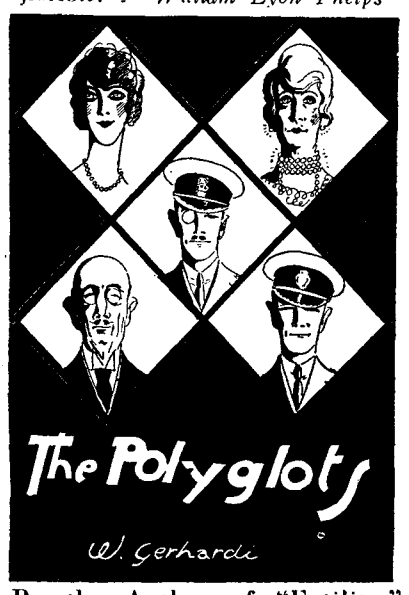

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Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

too much to bear with, considering his position; they, and not his egoism—which is quite conceivable, even in the great—turn him into a caricature.

The book fails to assume life for another reason; it is far too wordy and undramatic. It has no feeling for either pace or climax, and two potentially good scenes—Alan's finding in a literary supplement a panegyric to Tim he expected for himself, and his entrance into Mrs. Probyn's drawing-room to find Tim lionized—are stodgily mismanaged. What Mr. Benson required to show up his egotist was not scene after scene in Alan's workroom, but a few sharp incidents, a few revealing situations, a few clipped studies of the characters at interplay. What he achieved was a book as dull as one of Alan's own.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. By JOHN T. MCINTYRE. Stokes. 1925. $1.50.

Mr. McIntyre's brief idyl of love in Springtime tells of a lonely young man's poetic soul twitterings, his imaginative longing for a girl friend, and of his coy but ardent wooing of a bewitching wax dummy on which, in a shop window near his home, are displayed the last words in feminine attire. So profound and ecstatic grows his adoration that at length he is able to construct and enact scenes of meetings between them, he always in the rôle of the gallant swain, she as a radiant damsel of blissful reality. Without the aid of bootleg or the magic pipe he wanders in fancy with her, murmuring to himself, while walking the streets, the words of enchanting speech they hold together, meanwhile becoming a daily observer for hours at a time of the window in which she exhibits the varied costumes of her abundant wardrobe.

Finally, when he catches a dresser in the act of holding the goddess upon his knee in order to put on her stockings, he starts a small riot and is arrested. Perhaps he has gone too far in the pure zeal of his passion, but ere long, as the sharp-witted reader may have anticipated, the beautiful living original of the lovely wax siren issues from the shop and visits the young man in his home. Do they love one another? We refrain from telling. It is soft, sweet stuff, but gracefully written, and should provide appropriate reading for those who have lately parted with their belief in Santa Claus.

"MRS. FULLER." By MARGUERITE BRYANT. Duffield. 1925. $2.

This is a detective story. That is to say, it centers about a murder, and its complications arise from mistaken suspicions as to the identity of the murderer. However, its dutiful conformity in these particulars does not keep it from being a good afternoon's entertainment. Its various skeins are really skilfully tangled, and one reads on with genuine curiosity as to how they will be smoothed out again. Further, the mechanical business of contrivance is flavored by a pleasant and rather unusual little love-story. When Marjorie Derring bolts into a strange house at night to escape a follower, and intrudes upon a dead old man and a dazed young one, we are perhaps not unduly excited; but when her panic-prompted flight with the latter is interrupted by an accident which temporarily deprives him of his memory, and forces upon Marjorie the expedient of claiming him as her husband, our romantic interest gets an acceptable fillip. We are able to pretend that we do not know what is going to happen, in the absorption of our speculation as to how it will happen. And that is all that is needed in a weightless tale like this.

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK. By *E. M. Hull.* Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.

LILITH. By *George MacDonald.* Dutton. $2.50.

VICTORY. By *Leonie Aminoff.* Dutton. $2.

THE STORY OF A NOVEL AND OTHER STORIES. By *Maxim Gorky.* Dial Press. $2.50.

ST. MAWR. By *D. H. Lawrence. Knopf.* $2.

THUS FAR. By *J. C. Snaith.* Appleton. $2.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG. By *Don C. Seitz.* Dial Press. $4.

PEARLS OF DESIRE. By *Austin J. Small.* Houghton, Mifflin. $2.

REPLENISHING JESSICA. By *Maxwell Bodenheim.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS. By W. H. DAVIES. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

Sing, happy soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a brook sings in the wood
That all night has been strengthened by
Heaven's purer flood.

This might, in his own words, be said of Davies' poetic imagination which flows like clear water, limpid, untroubled, natural. The water has never suffered pollution, has never been deflected from its natural course nor turned into standing pools to hold goldfish and hothouse weeds in stately gardens. No, this is the springing rill of wood and pasture, the swift current seeking the sea. It is no shallow water, yet one sees directly to the bottom of it. The casual observer can pick out every pebble lying on its stream bed.

Such intense simplicity of mood and expression might be set down as naivetê, were it not for their instinctive truth and beauty.

I hear leaves drinking rain
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop,
'Tis a sweet sound to hear
These green leaves drinking near,
and
Oh happy wind how sweet
Thy life must be
The great, proud fields of gold
Run after thee.

It is because Davies is himself one with the objects of which he writes that he is moved for them to an extent of pity and worship worthy of some old Pantheist. It seems as if he possessed the fields, the stones, the trees, the animals with that passionate emotion that most men put into their loves; as if he too had sung and shouted at the joys of Creation. Yet his ecstasy can turn to deep melancholy and compassion for man as in the short and terrible picture of "The Idiot and the Child" and "The Sleepers."

He is a worthy heir of the early Elizabethan poets and especially Robert Herrick, in a certain old-fashioned grace and delicacy shown in "Her Portrait" "Kitty and I" and the exquisite closing poem, "Pastures." But he sings in no cage, within no bounds. In an age of throbbing materialism, Davies is an original who can still look with wonder and reverence upon the face of Nature which is after all, the face of God.

YOUNG HARVARD. By *Witter Bynner.* Knopf. $2 net.

THE POT OF EARTH. By *Archibald MacLeish.* Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25.

GUITAR AND CONCERTINA. By *Gustav Fröding.* Translated by *C. D. Locock.* London: Allen & Unwin.

SUNG TO SHAHRYAR. By *E. Powys Mathers.* A. & C. Boni. $1.75.

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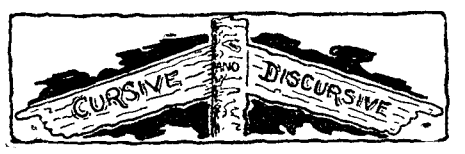

THE title we like best among those of recent books is the title (to be exact) of a recent reprint. In the Oxford Miscellany series now appears Robert Southey's "The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets," edited by J. S. Childers. "The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets"! What a brave stigma! Yet are we to infer that all poets save John Jones, Taylor the Water-Poet, Stephen Duck, James Woodhouse, John Bennet, Ann Yearsley and John Frederick Bryant can lay claim to an education? Indeed, by looking around us in our own day we know that is not so! Nor was it so in Southey's day. But in Southey's day a visitation of the Muses belowstairs was more of a rarity than in ours, particularly as there is nothing quite corresponding to the English "belowstairs" in this land of the free. We have our humble poets in America, our Gordon Cooglers and our James Byron Elmores, our Mary C. Burkes and our Sweet Singers of Michigan, but these again fall into another class. In November, 1827, Southey purposed printing "a little volume of rhymes by an old servant" not because they were unintentionally funny but because "the verses show a degree of natural talent which, under favorable culture would have produced good fruit." "The man's name," he added, "is John Jones,—it could not be a more unpoetical one, but he could not help it,—the Muses have forgiven him for it, and so I hope will you."

Eventually, after a number of delays the attempts of John Jones appeared with an introduction by the poet laureate. Southey was wrong. John Jones was no real poet. No real poet can be so patronized. Jones was the household poet laureate of a family named Bruere. He first addressed Southey styling himself "a poor, humble, uneducated domestic." He called the robin, "sweet social bird with breast of red," which was certainly no worse than some of the lines of the time, and as certainly no better. The totality of his work was in that strain, deriving ever from certain popular poems of the period.

John Taylor, of Gloucestershire, early apprenticed to a waterman, was a bit better. He published in the seventeenth century, "whilst in (his) boat he did by water wander, repeating lines of Hero and Leander." He printed his books at his own cost, made presents of them, and hoped for "sweet remuneration." His first-born had an enormously involved title, beginning with the flourish, "Taylor's Water-Work; or the Sculler's Travels from Tyler to Thames; with his boat laden with a Hotch-potch, or gallimaufrey of Sonnets, Satires, and Epigrams." This at least shows pleasant fancy. "Like poor Falconer," says Southey, "he made use also of his nautical vocabulary in verse," as, for instance

Ships, barks, hoys, drumlers, caires, boats, all would sink,
But for the ocum caulk'd in every chink.

And sometimes, says the Laureate, "he amused himself with . . . honest right rampant nonsense." As

Give me a medlar in a field of blue
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream.

Stephen Duck taught himself "Paradise Lost" and studied the *Spectator* in his youth. This seems to us hardly to be uneducated. However, his were humble beginnings. Stephen wrote "The Thresher's Labour" and rambled on in a thousand couplets. He finally obtained orders, but his end was ill-fated, as he became insane and drowned himself near Reading, in the mid-Eighteenth Century.

Of the other uneducated poets Ann Yearsley is perhaps the most interesting. Southey dubs hers "a melancholy story." She comes to light at the end of the Eighteenth Century. Hannah More first perused her verses as the work of "a poor illiterate woman who sold milk from door to door." She had read "Paradise Lost" and "Night Thoughts." She died deranged.

In this brief commentary upon a pungent book of considerable musty charm we cannot enlarge upon the personalities of any of these poets. But Taylor especially is worth a longer lease of fame in some modern memoir by some one who appreciates the minnows of the past as well as the whales, and often finds them flashing a deal more fantastic color. That Robert Southey could collect such small fry, as well as writing that remarkable narrative "The Doctor," than which there is no tale more original, are two of his claims to fame that we honor. W. R. B.

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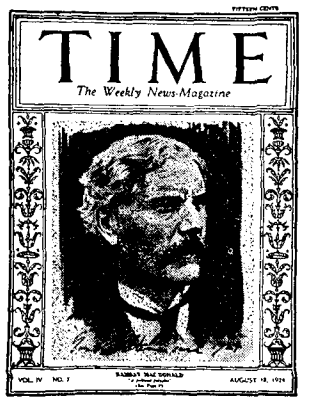

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TIME

236 East 39th St., New York

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

Cruel Fellowship. By *Cyril Hume* (Doran).

The Pot of Earth. By *Archibald MacLeish* (Houghton Mifflin).

The Cruise of the Nona. By *Hilaire Belloc* (Houghton Mifflin).

Two correspondents a thousand miles apart inquire concerning what one of them calls "evidences of religion outside the churches."

In "Why I Am a Spiritual Vagabond" (Century) Thomas L. Masson makes a determined effort to share a profound and satisfying spiritual experience. Vagabond only in the sense that he is theologically unclassified, he is no wanderer: he has found peace: he is a mystic. It would be brutal to treat this book on its merits as literature, for with this it makes no attempt to deal. Mr. Masson has discovered the chord of C major and like all who do, tries to tell all about its loveliness in as definite and explicit a manner as he may. John Cowper Powys, in "The Religion of a Sceptic" (Dodd, Mead), writes beautifully, for his religion which he has reached by an Anglican route, rests on beauty and humanity. He sees four stages of religious development—emotional belief, metaphysical belief, absolute disillusionment and aesthetic understanding—and takes his stand on the fourth position. "The Soul's Sincere Desire", by Glenn Clark (Atlantic Monthly Press), is a study of the habit of prayer, such as stretches the soul and expands the life. Again it is a personal conviction, shared for the sake of sharing. "To me", he says, like the others in effect, "this was the greatest discovery of my life". Mary Austin's life of Jesus, newly rewritten under the title "A Small Town Man" (Harper) expresses a mystic's vision in quiet, homely speech, beautiful as home and quiet are beautiful. Here are four books just published, in some ways as different as one could put together, alike in a conviction that things of the spirit are all that really count and that they count marvellously in the life of man.

T. E. F., Texarkana, Tex., asks for books about Australia.

"Human Australasia," by Charles F. Thwing (Macmillan) for a general survey. In the second volume of "Modern Democracies," by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan), there is a section on Australia that should by no means be passed over. There is a new little volume called "The English-Speaking Nations", by G. W. Morris and L. S. Wood, from the Oxford University Press, called a "study in the development of the commonwealth ideal" and containing a section on Australia that like the book in general is a marvel of condensation without losing interest. D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo" and "The Boy in the Bush" (Seltzer) are not only—to my way of thinking at least—his best novels with the possible exception of "Sons and Lovers", but almost the only novels to give an American a sense of Australian scenery, sentiment and conditions.

W. K., Tidioute, Pa., asks if the Index Expurgatorius is obtainable in book form. Yes, the 1922 edition, from the Vatican Press, can be obtained through P. J. Kenedy, 44 Barclay Street, N. Y.

G. S., San Diego, Cal., asks for books on the Philippines.

Doran has lately published a sort of one-volume encyclopedia of the Philippines, by Frank C. Laubach, "The People of the Philippines: their Religion, Progress and Preparation for Spiritual Leadership in the Far East". This includes history, educational progress, missions and native faiths, and a variety of other matters, entertainingly set forth, with a large bibliography and valuable appendices. "The Isles of Fear," by Katharine Mayo (Harcourt Brace) is a record of American administration and a study of native traits and qualities: it certainly makes one think. It is intended to "present accurate material for the formation of opinion, not to influence judgment" as to the course that America should pursue. "The Hero of the Filipinos" by Chas. Edward Russell and E. B. Rodriguez (Century) is the exciting, tragic tale of the incredibly versatile and gifted Jose Rizal, the greatest genius of the Malay race.

You never can tell just what list a book will fit into. Who would have thought that "Grandmother Tyler's Book: the recollections of Mary Palmer Tyler, 1775-1866" (Putnam), would be an addition to any proper collection of American dramatic literature? It is one of those personal records that I am forever urging elderly ladies and gentlemen to write for their descendants, telling the story of their youth: such books are certain of at least some measure of earthly immortality, for after the family has cherished the manuscript for some generations, even if a publisher does not take it, a historical society will always give it a niche in perpetuity. But Madame Tyler's is the story of her hero, the dazzling gentleman who rescued her from troubles and whose personality lights the book—and it is none other than that Royall Tyler who wrote the first American comedy, one of the very first plays by an American to be performed in this country. "The Contrast" it is, preserved in Arthur Quinn's "Representative American Plays" (Century), giving to the world the first of the long line of stage Yankees and to America the title of Brother Jonathan. So put "Grandmother Tyler's Book" into theatrical collections as well as historical ones.

Louis H. Bolander, reference librarian of Duke University, Durham, N. C., has lately acquired a book published in 1825, "The Human Heart," a collection of short stories, published anonymously. He has found two of them in the *London Magazine* for 1823 and 1824 ("Lucrece of France" and "The Son and Heir") under the pseudonym of "Cyril." There is a possibility that his book may be a little-known work by a well-known author. If anyone recognizes "Cyril" or knows about the book, please let him know at this address.

Michael Sadlier, Woodlands, Addlestone, Surrey, England, writes:

"With the approval and assistance of his family and executors I am engaged on a study of the character and work of Anthony Trollope.

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actual and prospective, will be equally interested in Miss Breckinridge's collection of cases and materials demonstrating the defects and merits of the present methods of handling social maladjustments. *Family Welfare Work in a Metropolitan Community.* By Sophonisba P. Breckinridge. $4.50, postpaid $4.70.

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The contest is open to any one, except that the second prize is limited to non-professional writers. (And, of course, no one connected with the SATURDAY REVIEW may compete.)

The essays should be about 500 words, although they may run to 2,000 words. They will be due sometime in September —exact date to be announced later.

Captain David W. Bone, sea-faring friend of Conrad; Joseph Hergesheimer, novelist; William Lyon Phelps, professor and critic, will act as judges.

WHAT lies on the shadowy side of "Suspense"? What intentions were forming in Joseph Conrad's mind at the moment when he was about to give up writing forever, and he looked forward, as a novelist will, to the approaching end of his firmly knit book? Was it a plot he saw unrolling and unravelling? Or was it a discovery, suddenly

revealing to youth the inner meaning of life? Conrad had always brooded over his stories. What light, what climax, what solution of "Suspense" did he see ahead? Is it Cosmo, or Napoleon, or an idea which was to be the focus of his story?

Only a stretch of ocean, across which secret messages were nightly passing, lay between Napoleon, now Emperor of an island, and Genoa where the scenes of "Suspense" were unfolding. Already the hero of the

story was being drawn into his powerful orbit, to be used how? Is Napoleon already planning Waterloo? Is the brig upon which he sailed hovering already on the Mediterranean? Is his dominant figure, bringing change and revolution, about to crash through the delicate plot of a novel where love is beginning? For Napoleon, for Cosmo, for the Countess, for Joseph Conrad, it was suspense, leading to what inevitable conclusion? What is the end of "Suspense"?

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All those who subscribe during the first year of THE SATURDAY REVIEW—that is, until July 31, 1925—are considered *Charter Subscribers* and are entitled to the special introductory rate of $3.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

BRUCE ROGERS'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

ABOUT a decade ago, Alfred W. Pollard, of the British Museum, in an article on "Modern Fine Printing in England and Bruce Rogers," declared:

"Mr. Rogers is, to my way of thinking, the most vital force in modern typography and I am more concerned to present his work in this aspect than to anticipate the task of the historian. He stands apart from all other workers in the same field by the far wider range of his experiments and also by the fact that (though he may still be reckoned a limited edition man) by printing modern books which require prefaces, footnotes, indexes, and other apparatus of scholarship and bibliography he has confronted, and confronted successfully, many typographical problems which all our English experimenters, who have worked mainly in fifteenth century lines, have left untouched."

Mr. Pollard's opinion in 1915 was that of students of typography on both sides of the Atlantic. But in the years that have since elapsed, Mr. Rogers has made many new experiments, and always successfully, and has grown amazingly in popularity with lovers of fine printing. There is now an enthusiastic group of collectors that keep careful watch of what he is doing and they are gathering the product of his typographical activities with a devotion never accorded to any other typographer.

These collectors will be glad to know that a new Rogers book will be published before long by the Harvard University Press. As now planned, it will be a small 12mo, of about 100 pages, perhaps a little less. The text will be written by Frederique Warde, lately director of printing at the Princeton University Press, now working in London. Mr. Warde has gathered much hitherto unknown information about Mr. Rogers's books, and has made a careful study of his typographical style.

Mr. Warde's introductory study will be followed by a descriptive list of all the books bearing Mr. Rogers's printer's marks, together with various other books that it seems advisable for one reason or another to include in such a list. There should be, and probably will be, two editions: a special, limited, large paper edition for the Rogers collector; and the usual trade edition for the library and practicing printer who will be less exacting. The books designed by Mr. Rogers have been increasing rapidly in value in the last three or four years. This forthcoming book, much needed by the collector, will do much to further popularize Mr. Rogers's work. Its publication will be an event in typographical circles.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF INCUNABULA

THE international canvass of fifteenth century books has been completed and plans are now being perfected for printing this bibliography. This great undertaking has been under the management of Dr. Conrad Haebler, the German bibliographer. With the assistance of scholars in North and South Germany, a list of all of the items existing in the German Empire was completed in 1911, and the commission of which he was president proceeded, with the assistance of local bibliographers elsewhere, to list the contents of libraries in Europe and America. The work of cataloguing, under the editorial management of Professor Erich von Rath, is now proceeding. The description of the various works include an examination of the initial letters, ornamental borders, woodcuts and printers' marks. Historical notes regarding the authors and commentators will be given as far as possible. The present location of every copy of all the works of which only ten copies are known to survive is given; while of other items which are less rare the locations of a few representative copies are specified. In March, 1920, it was computed that 37,639 descriptions of separate works had been collected and arranged under the name of authors in alphabetical order. This material, it is estimated, will make ten printed volumes, one of which will be issued annually. Two concluding volumes, XI and XII, will consist of special indexes: Index of titles; index of printers, arranged under towns; index of publishers; subject index; index of initia; second index of initia, giving the opening line of signature in each work; tables comparing the numeration with those of Hain, Proctor, and other bibliographers; and an index of owners. The first volume will be published by Bernard Quaritch of London this year.

MODERN ENGLISH FIRST EDITIONS

THE BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL has rendered a very great service to collectors of modern English first editions in the monthly analysis which it has compiled from the desiderata of second hand booksellers appearing in English trade papers. This service has extended over a period of more than two years and has done much to stimulate thought and discrimination on the part of collectors. In the current issue it summarizes the demand for the year of April, 1924, to March, 1925, inclusive, and the leading ten are as follows: Anthony Trollope, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, Charles Dickens, W. H. Hudson, John Galsworthy, George Gissing, Sir J. M. Barrie, G. Bernard Shaw, and Michael Arlan. The ten in most demand for the month ending April 18 are as follows: A. A. Milne, Charles Dickens, John Galsworthy, E. M. Forster, Anthony Trollope, James Stephens, Joseph Conrad, George Gissing, Sir J. M. Barrie and G. Bernard Shaw. Apparently the collecting of first editions of modern British authors in England is proceeding along well considered and sound lines.

NOTES AND COMMENT

LAST month a bronze tablet was unveiled by the Greenwich Village Historical Society, Inc., on the house at 21 Fifth Avenue, which was once the home of Washington Irving and Mark Twain.

* * *

De Marinis, the famous rare book dealer of Florence, Italy, is retiring from business. His large stock of manuscripts and rare books goes to Hoepli, another Italian bookseller well known to bookmen.

* * *

Maggs Brothers, the London rare book dealers, have recently opened a branch at 130 Boulevard Haussman, in Paris, where they have a large stock of rare books, fine engravings, autograph letters, manuscripts and bindings.

* * *

A Tennyson memorial room filled with books, pictures and manuscripts of the poet and of material relating to him, together with relics and things used by him during his lifetime, is being planned for the new art museum soon to be built in Lincoln, England.

* * *

The report that Dr. Rosenbach has paid $33,000 in London for the unique copy of Richard Baxter's "A Call to the Unconverted," printed in the Indian tongue from a translation by John Eliot, has been followed very quickly by the announcement that the Rev. N. J. Hilton of Alton, Ill., has found a copy which has come down to him through four generations from Elijah Norton.

* * *

A thousand books or more banned by order of kings, popes, and other authorities, and long kept under lock and key, have been made available to the general student at the library of the Union Theological Seminary, of this city. Some of these books were sentenced to be publicly burned, others mutilated by blue pencilling or the removal of offending pages, most of them bearing the marks of the disapproval of expurgators of the time, when thinkers were prisoned, exiled or sentenced to death for running counter to the conventional ideas of their day.

A rare collection of clippings representing a newspaper history of sixty years of the New York stage, beginning with Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman in 1860, has been on view at the New York Public Library. The exhibition will include hundreds of volumes collected by the late Robinson Locke, editor of *The Toledo Blade*, and was supplemented by rare miscellany and memorabilia of long forgotten first nights loaned from other sources. The Locke collection is regarded as one of the most extensive original source collections in regard to the American theatre of the last half of the nineteenth century in existence.

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The Phoenix Nest

TODAY is the last day you can see at the Provincetown Playhouse a rollicking old Roman comedy really acted on the stage. * * * For six years the Latin Players, at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., have been presenting Roman comedy in highly modernized English. For the past week they have been presenting "The Brothers Menaechmus" of *Plautus* at the Provincetown. * * * They declare that they do not think Plautus was "high-hat," but that he wrote broad and hilarious farce-comedy. * * * It was from this ancient Latin comedy that *Shakspere* plucked his plot for "A Comedy of Errors." * * * Macy's Book Store reports that a woman recently inquired for a copy of "The Little Simp" and retired contented with her purchase of "The Constant Nymph." * * * *Jo Hergesheimer's* "From an Old House" will be out in October, and the Paramount Pictures have now released a story he wrote especially for *Pola Negri,* entitled "Flower of the Night." * * * One of the first fall books of the Viking Press will be a volume of negro spirituals, to be collected and edited by *James Weldon Johnson,* secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. *Roland Hayes,* the famous concert singer, and several noted negro composers will aid Mr. Johnson in this work. * * * We see that *Mr. Orage,* in the May *Psychology,* does not rate very high the favorite affectation of the Nineties. He says that "boredom" merely means that one's intelligence is either small or very idle. All people, without exception, he says, are interesting. * * * Well, as to that last, it appears to us to be a large statement! * * * Early this fall Simon and Schuster will publish a book of poems by *Maxwell Anderson,* co-author of "What Price Glory." The title of it will be, "You Who Have Dreams." * * * The Committee on Development at The University of Chicago has put forth a brochure on "The Quest for Truth," being an account of research as pursued at The University of Chicago. It seems to us to present the aims of scientific investigation, and the vista science discerns before itself, with grace and clarity. * * * From *The Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, Colorado, we cull the following. It is from a long poem entitled "You Can't Blow Too Hard About Denver," which is now our favorite folk-ballad. This is how the last verse goes:

They say they have fleas in Los Angeles,
And it rains all the time in Seattle,
An earthquake or so in San Francisco,
And they sure do make your teeth rattle.
Arizona's so hot, it would boil a thermos bot.
Utah and Idaho are the bunk,
Nevada's unknown as a comfortable home,
And all her gold mines have gone flunk.
Of course you will know I'm not knocking the dough
That's invested there for keeps,
But a little put down, in our own home town
Is a working all the time one sleeps.
So, if you buy a home, and don't be a drone
You will always have cause to remember
We have neither snakes, nor pesky earthquakes,
And we can't blow too hard about Denver.

* * * Ah what it is to be a native son! And have you seen *Maxwell Bodenheim's* "Replenishing Jessica"? The story is that the book had so many revisions even after it was in galleys that the manufacturing man had to take a vacation. * * * And watch for "Thunderstorm" by *G. B. Stern,* coming on June 19th. The scene of the story is laid in Italy. * * * Dartmouth graduates, ahoy! *The Arts,* up at Dartmouth, has published "The Arts Anthology: Dartmouth Verse 1925" with an introduction by *Robert Frost.* Here are forty-four poems by fourteen undergraduates. Five hundred numbered copies, octavo, have been printed by The Mosher Press. * * * It's the fifteenth anniversary, this year, (the quindecennial) of *Stewart Kidd & Co.,* the booksellers and stationers of Cincinnati. We wish them well! They conduct three book shops in the Ohio city and issue a monthly book review. * * * We should like to suggest to *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* that they cut their pages before leaving the nest. We know few things more annoying this hot weather than picking up the little magazine for a whiff of verse and then finding that a laborious session with the paper-cutter is necessary. * * * The June number is occupied by translations by *Muna Lee* from modern poets of fourteen nations from Mexico to Chile, and this is an excellent if small contribution to Pan-American concord. There are fine and fiery poets in Spanish-America! * * * Under the auspices of *The Editor Magazine* at Highland Falls, N. Y., *The Manuscript Market Directory,* a guide to the sale of all kinds of literary material, is now available. But at the request of the Post Office Department the title for subsequent isues will be *The Manuscript Market Quarterly.* Here are the correct addresses of all the magazines that buy literary work, with a complete tabulation of their needs and the various fields they cover. * * * *Sherwood Anderson's* "Dark Laughter," a novel dealing with the negro, will be out anon. * * * In *Bert Leston Taylor's* famous old column, "A Line-O-Type or Two" many quirky poems by one *Richard Atwater* used to appear. Atwater himself has now for some time been the column conductor of "From Pillar to Post" in the *Chicago Evening Post.* His pseudonym is "Riquarius." * * * *Robert O. Ballou* of Chicago has just brought out a collection of Atwater's poems under the title, "rickety rimes of riq." In Atwater's own editor's note to his volume he deposes that the zig-zag form of verse, featured in his own work, "was invented in 1376 B. C. by the mistrel *Tlitzli,* a poet of the country of *Khulamh'zar.* It was his protest against the 'free verse' of that day, most forgotten day"! * * * We like that! * * * And here's the book of "Standard Etiquette" by *Anna Steese Richardson,*—a volume, a volume! * * * In it we have run across some of the free verse that *Tlitzli* may have objected to, viz:

With a fork you eat:
oysters and clams
lobster
terrapin
fish
all meats, chicken and game
vegetables and salads
watermelon and all soft fruits which have been pared, pie, French pastries, and soft cakes

With a spoon you eat—

* * * But what's the use! We're going out for a frosted chocolate!

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An Open Letter to—

Clement K. Shorter, Esq., *The Sphere, England.*

In your literary letter to The Sphere which you entitle "A WONDERFUL STORY OF A HORSE" you review *St. Mawr* by D. H. Lawrence and recommend it as "a novel that every lover of a horse should read." You have more kind though well-deserved things to say about the book.

But, in comparing *St. Mawr* with *Black Beauty* you comment on the fact that the latter made a fortune for the publisher and author and that it still sells in thousands. As for the Lawrence book, you write:

There is no such possibility of popularity, because there is a negation of sentimentality in *St. Mawr,* but it is a fine picture of a horse, and I love some of the dramatic touches. If Mr. Lawrence had been well-advised, and had rounded off dramatically that part of his book, he might have done a "best seller." As it is, I am afraid the majority of readers will not be enthusiastic over the two women—an American mother and daughter—who fill up large spaces in the book describing their own emotions. Both have a passion for philandering with their chauffeurs, both are victims of psychoanalysism.

With the utmost respect for your judgment, we must state emphatically that we feel you to be wrong. In the first place, the day of sentimentalism is past. Sentimentalism may still make its appeal to the less sophisticated masses but it is no longer an affectation of the intelligent. Secondly, a dramatic plot is not now an absolute essential of a "best seller" for, again, the reader today would far rather observe the true action of normal characters than the artificial activities of an author's puppets. And finally you have yourself conceded that the first half of *St. Mawr* constitutes "the finest story of a horse ever written"; and you also admit that Mr. Lawrence's treatment of these two American women interests you. That, we believe, is the soul duty of an author: to interest his readers; whether he attracts them or not is after all immaterial.

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